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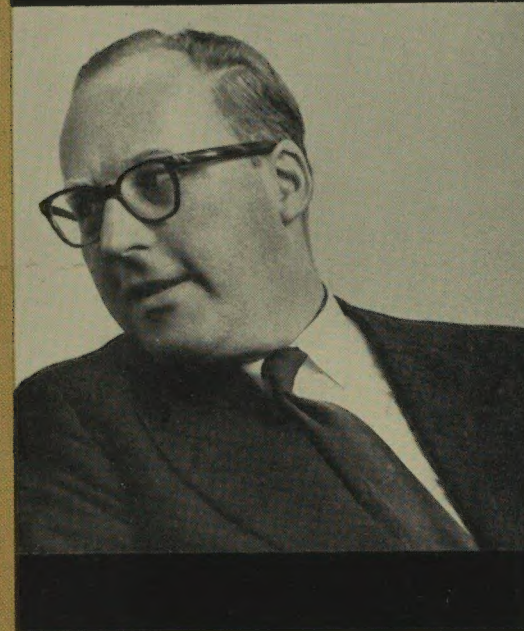
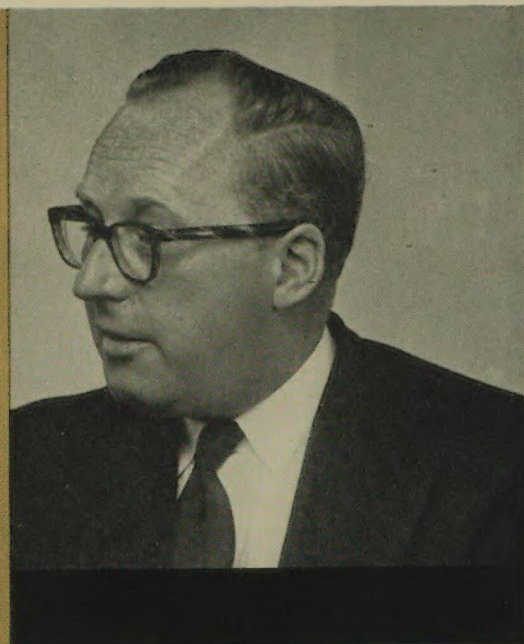
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'In fact, *'Stand Fast Craigellachie!'*—that's the motto of the Grants. Do you know their history? Have you seen where they make their whisky, up there on Speyside?'

'No, I haven't, Sir Compton. I just take it gratefully that there is some mystery going on in the Highlands and that the results are absolutely splendid.'

*when the clans gather, it's*

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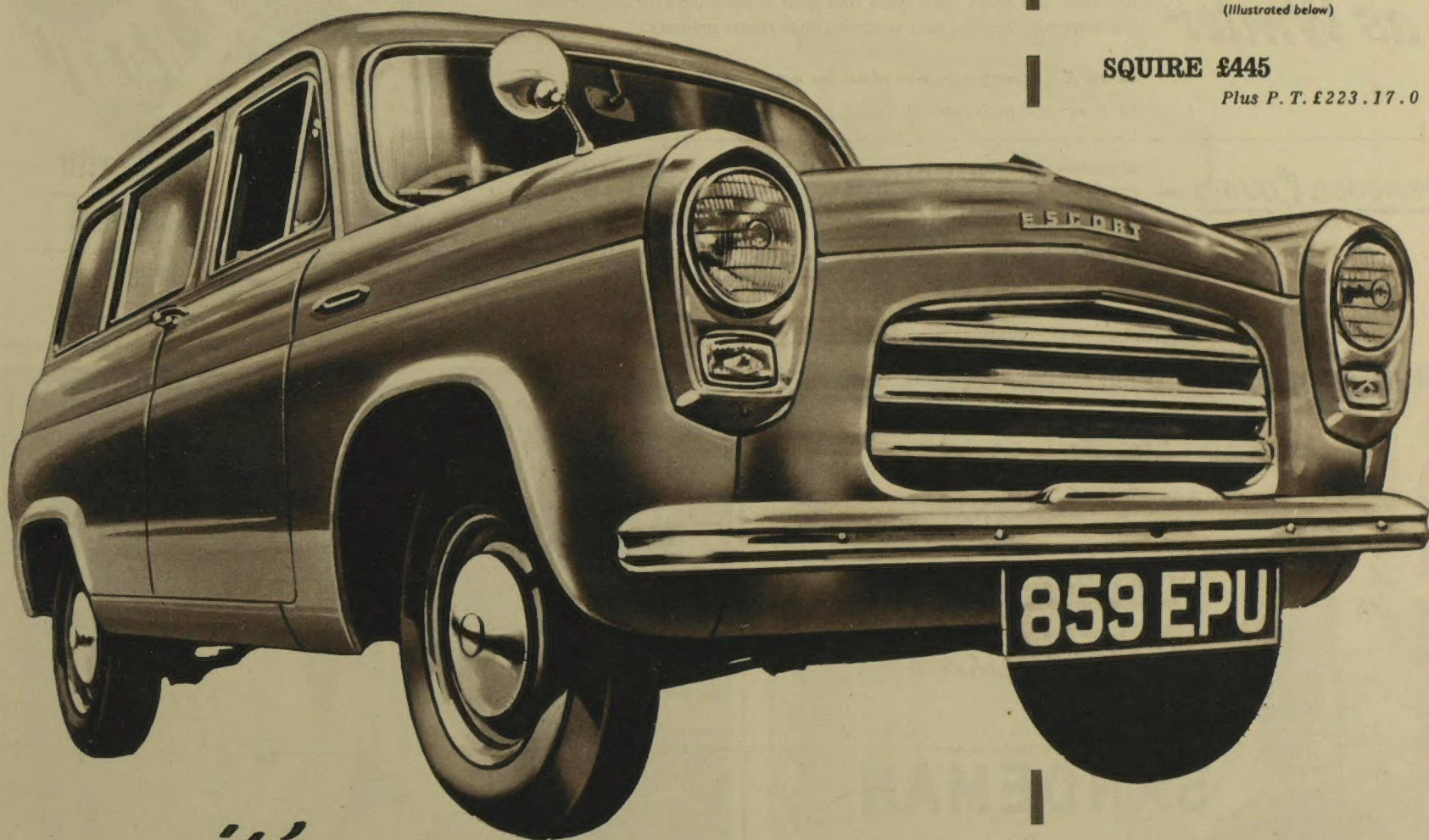






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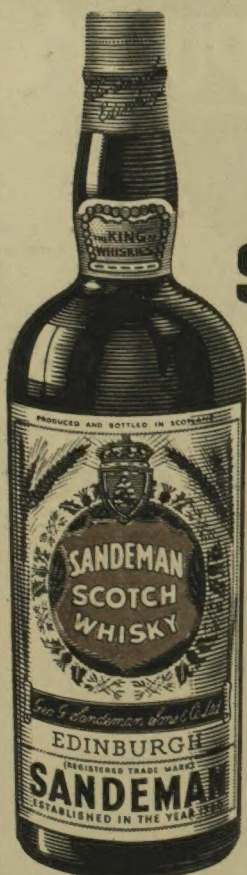
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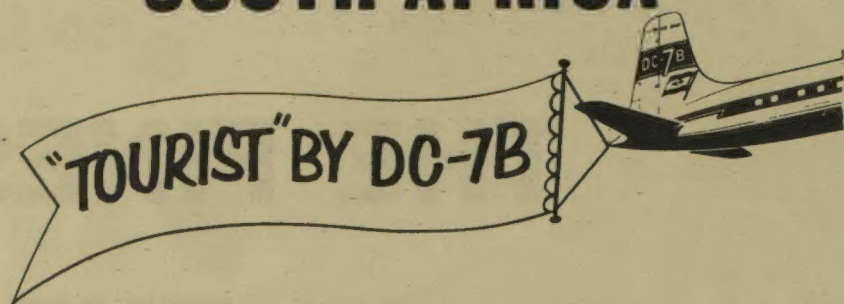
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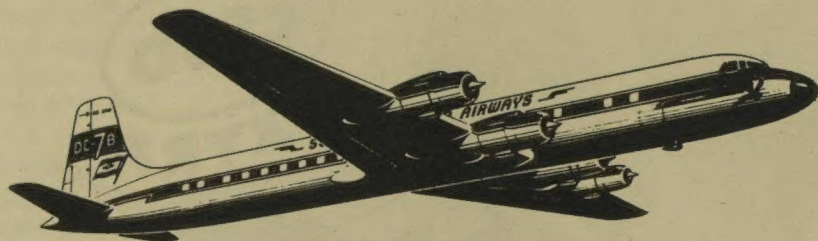
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1956.



WHERE THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY MADE THEIR CHOICE OF PRESIDENTIAL AND VICE-PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES: THE CONVENTION HALL AT CHICAGO.



MR. ADLAI STEVENSON (LEFT) THANKING THE DELEGATES AFTER THEIR UNANIMOUS SELECTION OF HIM AS THE U.S. PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE.

MR. STEVENSON'S TRIUMPH AT CHICAGO: THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY'S CHOICE AS PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE.

The U.S. Democratic National Convention—the meeting which was to choose the party's candidate for the Presidential election in November next—opened at Chicago on August 13 in some uncertainty. Mr. Truman conducted a campaign against Mr. Stevenson and in support of Governor Harriman of New York. Mrs. Roosevelt, however, supported Mr. Stevenson; and, as it turned out, Mr. Stevenson won hands down at the first ballot on August 16, a verdict which was converted to unanimity on the second

ballot. Mr. Stevenson, who had drawn attention to the importance of the Vice-Presidency, left the choice of the candidacy entirely to the Convention. Here the contest was closer and the young Senator Kennedy, of Massachusetts, ran Senator Kefauver, of Tennessee, fairly close, but the latter was eventually chosen. Mr. Stevenson is fifty-six and Senator Kefauver fifty-three; and when the Convention closed the Democratic Party were in good heart; and considered to have started their campaign well.

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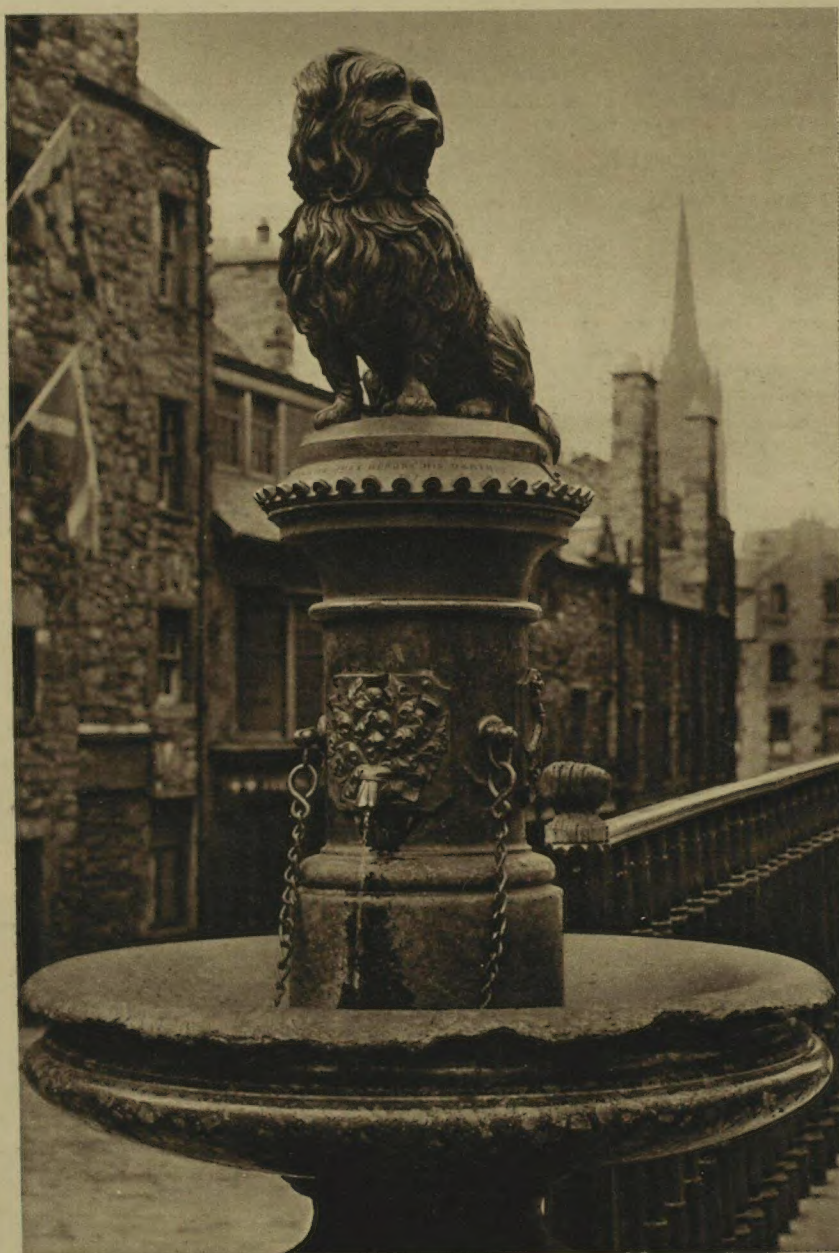
By ARTHUR BRYANT.

STANDING the other day on a railway station platform I found myself facing a large poster, issued by the R.S.P.C.A., depicting a haunted-looking dog, unkempt and ill-cared for, his hind-quarters covered with bandages and his eyes suspiciously fixed on what I suppose was a drugged drinking-bowl. I know nothing about the technical arguments for and against vivisection, and I have no doubt there are powerful ones on both sides; in any human problem there always are. But of one thing I am convinced: that to take a dog—the most loving and trusting of creatures—and submit it, for whatever high-sounding end, to torture, physical and mental, must be vile and base. To the argument that such torture to a sentient and defenceless creature helps to preserve human life and alleviate human pain, I can only reply by saying that, if my life could only be preserved on the condition of having such torture inflicted on a dog, I hope I should be man enough to refuse to keep it on such terms. And if I did not, I know I should feel utterly ashamed of myself afterwards. If we were put into the world to exist on such a basis, all our talk about humanitarianism has no real meaning. Perhaps dogs in England are no longer tortured and destroyed in this way, and, if so, the R.S.P.C.A.'s picture harrowed me needlessly. But I am glad it harrowed me, for, so long as there is any danger of such treatment being meted out to a creature who has placed himself in man's dependence and made himself man's faithful and trusting ally, I should feel that I was being a party to a crime if I did not say what I thought about it.

Those who have never shared the companionship of a dog or learnt how much capacity for feeling these creatures possess, will probably consider this absurd. Dogs, in their characters, differ from one another as much as human beings, and they can be ignoble as well as noble. The point I want to make is that the capacity for nobility can be as present in a dog as in a man or woman, and that to ignore this capacity and behave as though it was non-existent is as great a blindness or sin against the light as it is to ignore it in man or woman. In other words, a dog is a creature with a capacity for partaking of those inexplicable and mysterious elements in life that cannot be explained merely by physical phenomena and which we sometimes speak of as divine. To illustrate this may I tell—or, rather, retell—a story about a dog which I read the other day in a contemporary\* and whose truth is vouched for not only in the charmingly written article I read, but in a statue in the city of Edinburgh?

The story is an extraordinary one—far more extraordinary, and certainly more edifying, than that of Colonel Nasser, General Franco, Marshal Tito, Archbishop Makarios, Arch-Comrade Khrushchev, or any of the other self-appointed, swash-buckling Tribunes of the People who, in this age of the common man, fill our newspapers with such dreary and depressing reading-matter. Its hero was never anything more than a dog, never "liberated" or enslaved anyone, never incited anyone to murder in the name of high-sounding platitudes, never sent anyone to the gallows, torture-chamber or concentration camp. The only living creatures he ever destroyed or terrorised were rats and, in his younger, carefree country days before his long pilgrimage of love began, rabbits. He was a little Skye terrier named *Bobby*, whose puppyhood was spent in a farmhouse on the Pentland Hills in or about the time of the Indian Mutiny. At an early age he formed a strong attachment for his owner's shepherd, John Gray, or, as everyone in the neighbourhood called him, "Auld Jock"—a man, no doubt, like every good shepherd, with a genius for understanding animals and for giving them the love and care which, like human creatures, they need. Every day *Bobby* accompanied Auld Jock to his work on the hills and once a week on his visit to the Edinburgh sheep-market. On these days it was the good shepherd's unflinching practice to repair, punctually as the gun of Edinburgh Castle proclaimed the hour of one o'clock, to the Greyfriars Dining-rooms, and here the little

dog went with him, sitting beside him on his seat and sharing his dinner. Then came the sad day for *Bobby*—still a young dog—when Auld Jock's long days of service ended and, stricken with infirmity, he retired to spend what remained to him of life in Edinburgh lodgings. Protesting violently, the little dog was separated from him and taken back by his owner in a cart to the farm on the Pentland Hills. But next day he escaped and, punctually as the gun of Edinburgh Castle boomed its one o'clock salute, arrived at the Greyfriars Dining-rooms, where he joined the man he regarded as his master at his familiar place. The old shepherd decided to care for him till the next market day and took him back with him to his lodgings. But a few days later he died, and forty-eight hours afterwards his body was found by neighbours with the little dog standing guard over it. When it was laid to rest in the Greyfriars Churchyard, the dog followed the bier. That night he had to be driven from the churchyard—a place where dogs were strictly forbidden. But as soon as it was dark he crept back and spent the night by his master's grave. When daylight came and the caretaker tried to drive him again from the churchyard, he hid under a tombstone where he could not be seen but could still keep watch on the grave. For weeks he remained there in hiding, returning with the hours of darkness to lie all night on the mound beneath which he knew the man to whom he had given his heart lay. Then one day at one o'clock, to the astonishment of its proprietor and its regular customers who all knew *Bobby*, a bedraggled, starving, sad-looking little dog appeared in the Greyfriars Dining-rooms. The proprietor, a kindly man, washed and fed the forlorn creature and placed him on his wonted seat. But though he would gladly have adopted him, the dog insisted on returning to his vigil in the churchyard, where he continued to spend his days, watching unseen, under the tombstone and his nights lying on the grave. Every day, at one o'clock, however, he returned to the Greyfriars Dining-rooms and was given his dinner by the proprietor and was fussed over, no doubt—for everyone was attracted to the little dog—by the other clients. Among those whose hearts he seems to have softened was the caretaker of the churchyard who, contrary to all the rules, allowed him to remain in the churchyard without interruption except on Sundays, when he taught him—though the dog needed little teaching—to lie concealed under the tombstone to avoid giving scandal to the devout. This strange life continued without change for nine years until the day when, as a result of an order tightening up the regulations about dog-licences, the police rounded up all stray and unlicensed dogs in the city for destruction. Among those caught and taken into custody was *Bobby*, or, as he was known to those at the Greyfriars Dining-rooms who knew the story of his life, "*Greyfriars Bobby*." He was not, however, destroyed, for, before he could be "put down" or handed over to the vivisectionists, he was rescued by no less a



"THE GREAT-HEARTED, FAITHFUL LITTLE DOG": GREYFRIARS BOBBY, WHOSE STORY SIR ARTHUR BRYANT RETELS ON THIS PAGE, SEEN IN THE STATUE AT THE END OF THE GEORGE IV BRIDGE, IN EDINBURGH.

person than the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, the Laird of Glenormiston, who paid his licence and presented him with a collar and a medal inscribed, "*Greyfriars Bobby*. From the Lord Provost. 1867. Licensed." This was in the year when Disraeli, as Leader of the House, passed the Second Reform Bill and my father was eight years old. After that the dog's fame spread far beyond the city bounds. Among those who heard of his story was that remarkable woman and cherisher of noble causes, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. In the words of the article I read, "nothing would do but that she should meet the great-hearted, faithful little dog." And when he died in 1872, she had a statue made of him to keep his memory alive. It stands at the end of George IV Bridge opposite the gateway to Greyfriars Churchyard, where the dog rests close to the master he loved. When one reflects on it, it seems a reminder to man not only of a dog's fidelity, but of the intent of the Creator of all creatures

Who gave that love sublime,  
And gave that strength of feeling great  
Above all human estimate!

\* "The Lady," August 2, 1956. "*Greyfriars Bobby*," by John Baker.





THE DEMOCRATS' CHOSEN CANDIDATE FOR THE VICE-PRESIDENCY: SENATOR ESTES KEFAUVER, OF TENNESSEE. [Photograph by Harris and Ewing.]



GOVERNOR CHRISTIAN HERTER: PUT FORWARD BY MR. STASSEN AS REPUBLICAN VICE-PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE. [Photograph by Fabian Bachrach.]



VICE-PRESIDENT R. M. NIXON, WHO WAS GENERALLY EXPECTED TO RECEIVE THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATION TO RUN AGAIN.



MR. ADLAI STEVENSON: UNANIMOUSLY CHOSEN TO STAND AS DEMOCRAT PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE. [Photograph by Karsh of Ottawa.]

MR. STEVENSON, THE DEMOCRATS' CHOICE AS U.S. PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE; AND SOME POTENTIAL VICE-PRESIDENTS.

At the Democratic Party Convention at Chicago, Mr. Adlai Stevenson was nominated on August 16 as the party's candidate for the Presidential election at the first ballot, receiving 905½ votes against Governor Harri-man's 210. In the second ballot Mr. Stevenson received the "stamp of unanimity"; and Senator Kefauver, the following day, won the nomination for the Vice-Presidential candidacy, his nearest contender being Senator John

Kennedy. At the time of writing, the Republican Convention was due to open at San Francisco on August 20, when the Republicans had declared their intention of nominating President Eisenhower to run again. It was expected that the Vice-President, Mr. Nixon, would be nominated to run again for this office, though Mr. Harold Stassen was conducting a campaign in favour of Governor Christian Herter.



## THE FIRST HOLY ROMAN EMPEROR.

**"CHARLEMAGNE: FROM THE HAMMER TO THE CROSS." By RICHARD WINSTON.\***

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

A GOOD many historical figures have been called "The Great," and for various reasons. Our own Alfred was a great, good man; the Germans' Frederick was, though brave and astute, outstanding mainly as a great rascal; and the Russians' Peter, though a person of vivid imagination and demoniacal energy, was a barbarian and a brute. These men have been nominated for "greatness" by their own peoples. But Charlemagne, amongst them all, was unique. His renown, like his sway, extended from the Ebro to the Elbe. All over Western Europe, from Rome to Britain, he stood out (physically he happened to be six-foot-four) as the resuscitator of the old Roman order, the defender of Christendom against the pagan hordes in the north and the east, and even the south, where the Arabs had swarmed into Spain, and the founder of a new civilisation, settled, peaceful, prosperous, with flourishing arts and sciences. He sprang out of a Dark Age as a beacon, his light was quenched in another Dark Age. For centuries after his death the memory of his grandeur lingered. He became a myth as well as a man. The "great" was amalgamated with his name as it never has been with any other man's. Charlemagne is simply "Charles the Great" or "Carolus Magnus."

Mr. Winston is, I take it, an American. He calls an axe an "ax" and a centre a "center," and I am surprised that his English publishers haven't translated his prose into English. He constantly refers to Charlemagne as a mediæval man and to his period as the Middle Ages: this is as nonsensical as calling Algeria the Middle East. But he has laboured hard to disentangle Charlemagne the man from the festoon of legend, he has worked conscientiously on the records, and he has produced a picture of a very great man, who might have built the Europe for which we still sigh.

Had he had a son like him! But he had. The publishers say, in their blurb, that Charles was "the enthusiastic husband of some five wives"—a phrase that beats me completely. But he had one son who he thought might carry on his work of reconstructing devastated Europe. Charles the warrior, the scholar, the builder, the patron of authors and artists, the queller of rebellious noblemen (for the mediæval baronial chaos already began in his time), knew that he could not finish his work in his own lifetime. He had a son who might have carried on his work. That son died: and Charles was succeeded by a feeble silly.

"That same year," says Mr. Winston, "at the beginning of dreary December, young Charles also died. The cause of his death is not stated, except that his last illness began with a headache. With him died, though none knew it at the time, the last hope that the Carolingian Empire might endure. Three strong rulers—Charles the Hammer, Pepin the Short and Charlemagne—had built a dissension-racked petty kingdom into a great empire within a single century. A fourth could have smoothed out the newly welded joints, strengthened the raw new junctions, and so consolidated the power of that empire that the Northmen would have battered in vain against its outlying defences. Had the Carolingian Empire been given a respite of forty or fifty years, France and Germany might never have reached a parting of the ways, the Scandinavian colony of Normandy might never have existed, and there would have been no William to conquer England. The cultural impetus that Charles had given to all of Central Europe would not have been choked off by the Northmen. Instead of burned libraries, wrecked monasteries and feudal castles dotting an anarchic and autarchic countryside, a prosperous civilised life might have continued to burgeon within the shelter provided by a strong centralised government."

"These ifs of history," continues Mr. Winston, "are, of course, the idlest

speculation." "What might have been!": there is no nation and no human being who or which doesn't lament over things which might have happened but didn't happen, might have been done but weren't done. Let any reader of these lines examine himself or herself and not admit this to be true.

In the end there stands out, in European history, Charles the Great as Alfred the Great stands out in ours. But Charles stands out more



IN THE TREASURY AT AACHEN: A RELIQUARY IN THE FORM OF A BUST OF CHARLEMAGNE. THE RELIQUARY, WHICH CONTAINS FRAGMENTS OF HIS SKULL, WAS ORDERED BY FREDERICK BARBAROSSA ON THE OCCASION OF THE "CANONISATION OF CHARLEMAGNE." (From the Mansell Collection.)



IN THE LOUVRE: AN EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF CHARLEMAGNE. THIS WAS FORMERLY THOUGHT TO DATE FROM THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY, BUT PROFESSOR ARTHUR KLEINCLAUSZ, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LYONS, AN AUTHORITY ON CHARLEMAGNE, BELIEVES IT TO BE MUCH EARLIER AND POSSIBLY AN AUTHENTIC LIKENESS.

Reproduced by courtesy of the Caisse Nationale des Monuments Historiques.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Charlemagne: From the Hammer to the Cross"; by courtesy of the publishers, Eyre and Spottiswoode.

tremendously than Alfred: he stands out like King Arthur, for he is a legend. There must have been an Arthur, though his Knights of the Round Table were hypothetical beings, with later ideals and accoutrements, projected backwards from the Age of Chivalry. But nothing is really known of Arthur. There is Arthur's Seat in Edinburgh, there is Cader Idris in Wales, there is King Arthur's Castle in Tintagel; and names and sites are given to Camelot and Astolat. There must have been an Arthur, leading a forlorn hope against the Saxons, as indeed in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King"; but he, to us, is merely a guess-work phantom. Charlemagne is much more: he is an ascertainable historical figure and a legendary figure at the same time.

At the very centre of his legend is what Mr. Winston rightly calls "one of the most famous defeats in the world's history": the battle of Roncevalles, culmination (according to our author's queer chronology) of "the most famous war of the Middle Ages." What really happened there we do not know. Charles's contemporary biographer, Einhard, is circum-spect. Charles, he tells us, returned from his expedition against the Moors "safe and sound, except for a reverse which he experienced through the treason of the Gascons" on his way back through the Pyrenees. They overwhelmed and massacred a rearguard. Amongst those who fell was "Hruodland, warden of the Breton frontier." That was the epic hero Roland, whose name, historically, survives in that one mention and on a single worn coin: the names of other such famous characters, such as Oliver and Archbishop Turpin, do not even occur in Mr. Winston's index. "What really happened must be read between the lines; what never happened, but could have, should have and poetically did happen may be read in the 'Chanson de Roland.'" According to the "Song" Roland was too proud to blow his horn, or oliphant, in order to summon Charles back to the rescue; he blew it feebly, too late, when his 20,000 men were dead on the field, and he himself paying farewell to his stout sword Durendal, with which, according to him, he had conquered many kingdoms for Charlemagne. Mr. Winston, I may add, does not include in his bibliography (he may not have come across it) the really remarkable translation of the "Chanson" by the late C. K. Scott-Moncrieff, who was as successful with that noble verse as he was with the packed and subtle prose of Marcel Proust's vast novel.

The reader need not suppose that this book is an academic treatise: it is not; it is intended for, and well suited to, the intelligent general public. There is a great deal of miscellaneous information in it which may come as a surprise to many: e.g., the inventories of the furniture in Charlemagne's palaces—some of which, at least, were air-conditioned. But, after all, those who have seen Livia's House in Rome need not be told that it took a long time for even America to catch up, in this regard, with Rome.

A countryman of our own was closely involved with the Carolingian dynasty. This was Saint Boniface, who anointed and crowned Charles's father Pepin, converted (nominally, at any rate) multitudes of Germans, achieved and resigned the Archbishopric of Mainz and, a year after his resignation, was butchered, as a very old man, by heathen Frisians. He was a Devonian: born (it is believed) in Crediton and educated by Benedictines at Exeter. Now that the modern educational institution in that ancient city has achieved its august and predestined name of the University of Exeter, after fledgling for so long under the vague and timid title of University College of the South-West, it might consider giving the name of Saint Boniface's College to the first new residential hostel it is able to establish.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 318 of this issue.

\* "Charlemagne: From the Hammer to the Cross." By Richard Winston. Illustrated. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 25s.)



## A TURNING-POINT IN CYPRUS? THE EOKA CEASE-FIRE DECLARATION.



(LEFT.) GREEK CYPRIOTS READING ONE OF THE LEAFLETS DISTRIBUTED BY THE TERRORISTS IN CYPRUS ON AUGUST 16 AND DECLARING A SUSPENSION OF VIOLENCE.



(RIGHT.) SUNK BY EOKA TERRORISTS IN KYRENIA HARBOUR: THE 53-TON YACHT *FIELDFARE*, OWNED BY CAPTAIN WORTHINGTON, COMMANDER OF THE GOVERNOR'S ESCORT.



ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS, WHOSE RETURN IS NOW EXPECTED BY CYPRUS CHURCH LEADERS, FOLLOWING THE RECENT TERRORIST TRUCE DECLARATION.



THE EOKA LEADER DIGHENIS, ON WHOSE HEAD THERE IS A PRICE OF £10,000, IN A CAPTURED PHOTOGRAPH.



TALKING WITH TURKISH-CYPRIOT VILLAGERS: SIR JOHN HARDING, THE GOVERNOR OF CYPRUS, DURING A RECENT VISIT TO THE VILLAGE OF PERGAMOS.

On August 16, leaflets declaring a cease-fire by the terrorists and signed by Dighenis, the leader of the Cyprus terrorists, were distributed in the major towns of the island. According to the proclamation, Dighenis had ordered his followers to suspend operations as from that day. This was intended, said the leaflets, to put to the test the British claim that negotiations could be resumed as soon as terrorism ceased. It was hoped that Britain would now permit the "fulfilment of Greek Cypriot claims as they have been



TAKING FINGER-PRINTS IN NICOSIA: SECURITY OFFICERS AT WORK ISSUING IDENTITY CARDS IN ACCORDANCE WITH A RECENT ORDER BY THE GOVERNOR.

expressed . . . by our Ethnarch, Archbishop Makarios." The leaflet added that the terrorists would remain alert and armed in case of "further threat." On going to press the British Government had accepted the leaflets as being genuine, but were taking no action until after a test period of at least ten days, during which it was hoped there would be no further terrorist incidents. Sir John Harding, the Governor, said he hoped that, after eighteen months of futile terrorism, this would be a turning point in the history of the island.



## MEETING TO DISCUSS A SITUATION OF GREAT GRAVITY: HEADS OF



LEADER OF THE ITALIAN DELEGATION AT THE SUEZ CONFERENCE: SIGNOR C. MARTINO, MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.



REPRESENTING PORTUGAL: DR. PAULO CUNHA, WHO STATED HIS GOVERNMENT'S POSITION AT A MEETING HELD ON AUGUST 17.

(Left) ARRIVING AT LONDON AIRPORT: MR. T. L. MACDONALD, LEADER OF THE NEW ZEALAND DELEGATION.



ONE OF THOSE WHO EXPRESSED HIS GOVERNMENT'S SUPPORT OF MR. DULLES' PROPOSALS: MR. M. N. BIRGI, THE TURKISH REPRESENTATIVE.



AFTER A MEETING AT THE SOVIET EMBASSY ON AUGUST 18: MR. SHEPILOV, THE SOVIET FOREIGN MINISTER (RIGHT), SEES OFF MR. DULLES.

ON THE STEPS OF NO. 10: SIR HANDS WITH THE AUSTRALIAN MENZIES, AS MR. SELWYN



REPRESENTING NORWAY AT THE LONDON CONFERENCE ON SUEZ: DR. HALVARD LANGE, MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.



MR. H. C. HANSEN, DANISH PRIME MINISTER AND FOREIGN MINISTER: THE LEADER OF HIS COUNTRY'S DELEGATION AT LANCASTER HOUSE.



LEADER OF THE NETHERLANDS DELEGATION: DR. J. M. A. H. LUNS, WHO IS MINISTER WITHOUT PORTFOLIO IN HIS COUNTRY'S GOVERNMENT.

The opening phases of the London conference on Suez, which began at Lancaster House on August 16, are illustrated and reported on pages 300-301. On the second day of the conference rapid progress continued to be made, and the delegation leaders of ten countries stated their Governments' position in regard to the two alternatives which had emerged from the earlier discussions of the Suez problem. Mr. Shepilov, the Soviet Foreign Minister,

stated his Government's proposals for a larger conference, which it seemed likely would be supported by India, Indonesia and Ceylon. The delegates of Portugal, Sweden, France, Norway, West Germany, New Zealand, Japan, Denmark and Turkey, who spoke on the same day as Mr. Shepilov, indicated their agreement, either directly or indirectly, with the four-point proposal which had been put forward by Mr. Dulles, the United States delegate. On

## DELEGATIONS AT THE LONDON CONFERENCE ON THE SUEZ CRISIS.



LEADER OF THE PAKISTAN DELEGATION: MR. HAMIDUL HUQ CHOWDHURY, MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS AND COMMONWEALTH RELATIONS.



(Right) DR. OSTEN UNDEN, LEADER OF THE SWEDISH DELEGATION, ON HIS ARRIVAL AT LONDON AIRPORT.



ANTHONY EDEN (RIGHT) SHAKES PRIME MINISTER, MR. R. G. LLOYD, LOOKS ON.



AFTER DISCUSSIONS AT DOWNING STREET: (L. TO R.) M. PINEAU, THE FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER, SIR ANTHONY EDEN AND MR. DULLES.



INDIA'S REPRESENTATIVE AT THE CONFERENCE: MR. V. K. KRISHNA MENON, WHO CAME TO LONDON AFTER VISITING CAIRO.



THE JAPANESE DELEGATE, MR. MAMORU SHIGEMITSU, WHO CALLED FOR A SOLUTION OF THE SUEZ PROBLEM BY MEANS OF A COMPROMISE.



DR. HEINRICH VON BRENTANO, MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: REPRESENTING WESTERN GERMANY AT THE CONFERENCE.



THE PERSIAN FOREIGN MINISTER, DR. ALIQUILI ARDALANI, WHO HAS SPOKEN OF THE IMPORTANCE OF THE SUEZ CANAL TO PERSIA.



LEADER OF THE SPANISH DELEGATION: SENOR ALBERTO MARTIN ARTAJA, MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS IN GENERAL FRANCO'S GOVERNMENT.

the following day Mr. Selwyn Lloyd stated the British case and stressed again that the Canal must be freed from politics. He also said that the shareholders in the old company must be justly treated and that any new arrangements made must command the support and confidence of those with the technical skills which are necessary for the successful operation of the Canal. On the Saturday Mr. Dulles circulated a declaration, which was

actively discussed by the various delegates throughout the week-end. At the time of writing, it was expected that this declaration would be the basis of the proposals which Mr. Dulles was to put formally to the conference at a meeting on August 20. The earlier statements by the leaders of the twenty-two delegations had indicated that at this crucial stage the Western proposals would meet with the approval of the majority of them.





THE TENTH EDINBURGH FESTIVAL: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN ARRIVING AT ST. GILES' CATHEDRAL FOR THE OPENING SERVICE ON AUGUST 19.



AS *BRITANNIA* ARRIVED AT LEITH: PRINCESS ANNE AND THE DUKE OF CORNWALL (FEET ON LOCKER) HELPING THE SAILORS HAUL ON A ROPE.  
THE QUEEN AT THE OPENING OF THE 10TH EDINBURGH FESTIVAL; AND THE ROYAL CHILDREN "HAULING ON A ROPE."

When the Royal yacht *Britannia* arrived at Leith on August 19 Princess Anne and the Duke of Cornwall willingly lent a hand and helped the sailors to haul on a rope, as can be seen in the lower photograph. An hour before the Queen landed, the Royal children went ashore from a barge at Rosyth and from there drove to Balmoral. In the afternoon Edinburgh's tenth International Festival of Music and Drama had a Royal opening when

her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Margaret, attended the service of inauguration in St. Giles' Cathedral. A great crowd outside the Cathedral was able to take part in the service, which was relayed to them. After the service the Royal party motored back to *Britannia* at Leith, where they remained on board until they returned to Edinburgh in the evening to attend the opening concert in the Usher Hall.





WEARING A DRESS OF APRICOT SILK, A FIVE-STRAND PEARL NECKLACE AND A DIAMOND BROOCH: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET AT CLARENCE HOUSE.



IN AN EVENING GOWN OF PINK TULLE EMBROIDERED WITH FLOWERS AND SEQUINS, AND WEARING A NECKLACE, EAR-RINGS AND BRACELETS OF DIAMONDS.

## H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET: NEW PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

THESE delightful new photographic portraits of H.R.H. Princess Margaret were taken in the drawing-room of Clarence House, her London home, in connection with the Princess's forthcoming East African tour. The Princess, who celebrated her twenty-sixth birthday last Tuesday (August 21), is flying from London on September 21 for Mombasa. After two days at Mombasa, she is to sail in the Royal yacht *Britannia* for the island of Mauritius, which she is due to reach on September 29. After various engagements in the island she is to leave in *Britannia* on October 1 for Zanzibar, which she should reach on October 5. On October 8 she is to sail from Zanzibar to Dar es Salaam. Here she has a number of engagements before flying to Tanga on October 10, returning the same day to Dar es Salaam. From October 12 to 18 she is to pay a number of visits in Tanganyika, the principal places being Mbeya, Sao Hill, Tabora, Mwanza, Mwanui, Arusha and Moshi, leaving the last by air for Nairobi. The rest of the tour is to be spent in Kenya, the principal places to be visited being Nairobi, Kinangop, Machakos, Nakuru, Mau Narok and the Amboseli Game Reserve, before leaving Kisumu by air for London on October 25.

(Right.) A VISION OF ROYAL BEAUTY *EN GRANDE TOILETTE*: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS MARGARET: A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY TAKEN AT CLARENCE HOUSE.

(Camera studies by Cecil Beaton.)





# THE ROYAL TOUR OF THE WESTERN ISLES MULL, SKYE, BARRA



IN SOUTH UIST: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH LOOKING AT A PICTISH WHEELHOUSE AT KILPHEDRA.



AT KILPHEDRA, SOUTH UIST: THE ROYAL VISITORS AT A SEAWEED FACTORY WHERE THE SEAWEED IS ROUGH-MILLED BEFORE GOING TO THE MAINLAND.



IN THE ISLAND OF BARRA: THE ROYAL VISITORS WATCHING AN INHABITANT, MRS. MARY MORRISON, AT HER SPINNING-WHEEL.



WELCOMED BY DAME FLORA MACLEOD, CHIEF OF CLAN MACLEOD: HER MAJESTY ARRIVING AT DUNVEGAN CASTLE, IN SKYE.

The Queen's tour of the Western Isles started on August 12 when, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Margaret, she visited Iona. Photographs and a description of the visit appeared in our last issue. On the following day, August 13, a fierce gale and torrential rain forced the abandonment of much of the programme during the visit to Oban. It also forced the Royal yacht *Britannia*, with Princess Margaret, the Duke of Cornwall, Princess



THE WEATHER IN OBAN: THE QUEEN'S AND THE DUKE'S RAINCOATS DRYING ON A RADIATOR DURING THEIR VISIT TO THE TOWN HALL.

Anne and Princess Andrew of Greece (the children's paternal grandmother) on board, to go out to sea after dragging her anchor in the harbour. Later, heavy seas in Oban Bay prevented the Royal visitors from re-embarking and they had to make a two-mile journey so they could go aboard the Royal pinnace in quieter water at Kerrera Pier. The Queen and the Duke later went ashore in Craignure Bay, in the Island of Mull. When they returned in the Royal

# OF SCOTLAND: HER MAJESTY IN OBAN, AND SOUTH UIST.



WITH CASTLE MOIL IN THE BACKGROUND: THE QUEEN IS WELCOMED TO SKYE BY LORD MACDONALD AND HIS FAMILY AT KYLEAKIN.



DEFYING THE TORRENTIAL RAIN AND GALE-FORCE WINDS: THE ROYAL PARTY LANDING IN CRAIGNURE BAY, IN THE ISLAND OF MULL.



IN OBAN: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE LOOKING AT A MODEL OF A LOCH FYNE FISHING SKIFF PRESENTED TO THEM FOR THE DUKE OF CORNWALL.

pinnace to *Britannia* it was too rough to lower the gangway, and the Queen and the Duke remained in the pinnace while it was hoisted by davits aboard the yacht. On August 14 the weather improved and the sun shone when the Queen and the Duke, with Princess Margaret, visited Skye and Barra. In Skye, Dame Flora MacLeod, chief of Clan MacLeod, welcomed the Royal visitors to the 700-year-old Dunvegan Castle, where they had luncheon and



"WILL YE NO' COME BACK AGAIN?" TO THE SOUND OF THE PIPES THE ROYAL VISITORS LEAVE DUNVEGAN CASTLE SLIPWAY IN SKYE.



AS THE SUN SHONE: THE QUEEN LEAVING DUNVEGAN CASTLE, FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE WITH DAME FLORA MACLEOD.



AT KYLEAKIN, IN SKYE: THE QUEEN TALKING TO MISS REBECCA MATHIESON, AGED EIGHTY-TWO, AT ONE TIME HOUSEKEEPER TO THE LATE QUEEN MARY.

afterwards met members of a gathering of home and overseas members of the clan. On August 15 the Queen and the Duke were in South Uist and Benbecula. In South Uist they visited an egg-packing station, a seaweed-processing factory, and Bute Hospital, in Daliburgh. After driving round Benbecula the Queen and the Duke went to a shooting lodge in South Uist where Princess Anne, who was celebrating her sixth birthday, had a tea-party.



IN an introductory passage to the official history of the campaigns in Egypt and Palestine in the First World War, I wrote that Arab peoples had shown themselves more prone to disintegrate than to coalesce. That was over thirty years ago, and the opening of the period I was dealing with was over forty. The rather sententious generalisation of a young historian was certainly true of that period. All, or nearly all, Arabia had been covered by a network of conspiracy, the object of which was to shake off Turkish rule. The leaders took into their confidence the great British soldier who was their neighbour in Egypt, Lord Kitchener. Britain provided invaluable aid, and the Arabs did Britain good service. The Turks were thrown out.

The Arabs got a good deal out of the settlement and have gained more since, but the spirit of unity did not endure. Even during the war they fought each other. Our blunders may have contributed to their unrest, and the story of the Sykes-Picot agreement, with its obligations to the French conflicting with promises to the Arabs, is not an ornament to our diplomacy. Yet the Arab States brought most of their troubles upon themselves by their internal quarrels. In the generation that followed these did not cease, but a new urge to unity appeared, the establishment of the Republic of Israel after the Second World War. The war which resulted showed up the weaknesses of the Arab League. It failed to overthrow Israel, but Jordan in the Judean Hills, Egypt at Gaza, emerged with holdings which constituted a threat to the future of Israel.

Then a new factor appeared with a profound effect upon the Arab world. This was the enormous development in the demand for oil by world transport and industry, coupled with the discovery that the resources in Arab lands, already well known, and in the case of Iraq exploited on a great scale, were far larger than had been supposed. The United States went into this business in a very big way. The demand, far from slackening, has continued to grow rapidly. It is now so great that the shipbuilding industry is living mainly by turning out tankers of ever-increasing capacity. And, despite the growth of the tanker fleets of the world, the oil companies are having to wait for room in the shipyards before their new orders can be undertaken.

The social as well as the political effects have been far-reaching. Vast wealth has flowed into the oil-producing territories as the oil has flowed out. In some it has been very badly spent, but even in such cases has raised the standard of living. In Iraq it has been put to good use. Already a striking improvement has taken place in education, health services, housing, communications and transport. If the process is continued for a generation, Iraq will be completely transformed and will become a highly modern and extremely prosperous Arab State. The possession of these huge stocks of oil has brought power as well as riches and prosperity to Iraq.

The have-nots do not share these boons, yet they are not left altogether in the cold. Lebanon,

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. CHANGE AMONG THE ARAB PEOPLES.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

for example, is not an oil community, but a good deal of the oil money has been entering it—for one reason because there is no other equally pleasant spot in the neighbourhood where money made out of oil can be spent. And lately Lebanon has been talking of putting a famine rent on the few miles of pipeline which run across her country. Syria might hope to better herself in a similar way. The smell of oil, which can be very pleasing to the nostrils, extends beyond the frontiers of the producing States. Nothing so significant has happened in the Arab world since

### THE HEADS OF THE ARAB LEAGUE.



SUDAN: SAYED ABDULLAH KHALIL. ELECTED PRIME MINISTER JULY 1956.



JORDAN: KING HUSSEIN. SUCCEEDED HIS FATHER, KING TALAL, AUGUST 1952.



LIBYA: KING IDRIS. BECAME FIRST KING DECEMBER 1951.



SAUDI ARABIA: KING SAUD IBN ADDUL-AZIZ. SUCCEEDED NOVEMBER 1953.



EGYPT: LIEUT.-COLONEL GAMAL ABDEL NASSER. PRIME MINISTER AND PRESIDENT, CAME TO POWER 1954.



SYRIA: PRESIDENT SAYED SHUKRI QUWATLY. ELECTED AUGUST 1955.



LEBANON: PRESIDENT CAMILLE CHAMOUN. ELECTED SEPTEMBER 1952.



IRAQ: KING FAISAL II. SUCCEEDED IN 1939, ACCEDED IN 1953.



YEMEN: THE IMAM AHMAD. SUCCEEDED HIS FATHER IN MARCH 1948.

### THE LEADERS OF THE ARAB LEAGUE, WHOSE DELEGATES AT CAIRO ON AUGUST 12 DECLARED SUPPORT FOR PRESIDENT NASSER'S RIVAL CONFERENCE ON SUEZ.

In his article on this page Captain Falls analyses President Nasser's influence in the Arab League and the rivalries and conflicts within the League. He writes of the Egyptian President, "It is doubtful whether he is popular with any Arab Government other than his own. . . . But he appeals to the people of all in greater or less degree." The Arab League came into being with the Covenant signed in Cairo on March 22, 1945, the signatories being Egypt, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Syria, Lebanon, Jordan and Yemen. Libya joined the League in March 1953; and the Sudan in January 1956. It was reported on August 15 that Egypt had asked Iraq to mediate between her and Britain on the Suez question.

the temporary energy imparted by Mahomet led to the creation of an Arab empire.

One other influence has more recently appeared in the person of a single man. Colonel Nasser has, in the eyes of his countrymen and of many in other Arab countries, driven the British out of Egypt. The poor performance of the Egyptian Army in the war against Israel has been forgotten and Egypt has begun to pose as a Great Power. This young Colonel, who is ignorant of all things military, is so astonishingly like Hitler that the comparison has become a bore. The pattern was there, of course, and this may have had something to do with it. He exhibits, however, natural similarities which can hardly be assumed, in

particular the combination of vague though forcible emotion with extreme astuteness. He is a master of the arts of propaganda, a mob orator, a crowd-raiser, and a gambler.

His influence has been at least as big outside Egypt as within. It is doubtful whether he is popular with any Arab Government other than his own—indeed, the cynic might say that no Arab Government is popular with any other. But he appeals to the people of all in greater or less degree. Whatever the rulers may think themselves, they cannot disregard the effect of his spectacular success on their peoples. In a sense this has been even more extraordinary than that of Hitler. The German dictator controlled a nation which, though degraded and confused when he seized power, was potentially still a great nation, with great industries, and an unsurpassed military tradition. The Egyptian dictator has nothing

behind him but his own address and bluff, coupled with the virtual collapse of international policing since the Second World War.

Colonel Nasser's seizure of the Suez Canal Company has revealed how slow what used to be called "the Powers" are to react to an illegality which would in former times have led to immediate intervention. One of the two strongest, Soviet Russia, asserts that he is in the right; the second, the United States, has sought to delay British reaction, if not to prevent it altogether. Colonel Nasser's action has revealed equally clearly how great is his influence with the Arab States, and that this rises *pari passu* with his boldness. Iraq, Egypt's rival, has been compelled to give him official support. Libya, on good terms with Britain, has made difficulties about the reinforcement of British troops quartered on her soil. If he is allowed to get away with it this time, his power and prestige will soar still higher.

Egypt is not big enough for him now. He aims at a dictatorship over the Arab world. Are we then likely to witness a new Arab empire? On the whole, the signs do not point to its being established by Colonel Nasser or to its being long-lived if that should occur. The conflict of interests, the rivalries, even the hatreds, among the Arabs appear to be too deep for that. They are momentarily hidden when Nasser pulls off a coup, but they do not disappear. It is hard to imagine an empire of so little substance, with foundations as shifting as the sands which

surround the populous territory of Egypt.

Any such development might be disastrous for the Arab States themselves. There is no reason to believe that Colonel Nasser possesses the qualities of Mustapha Kemal or Franco, who could not only establish a dictatorship but make it work. Whatever their faults, they were not primarily gamblers. But even Nassers can be turned into at least temporary dictators by weakness, and temporary dictators can do a lot of harm. That is why the responsibility of Britain, and also of the United States, is heavy to-day. They will be doing an ill-service to the world if, through nerves or selfishness, they help to provide a taller and more heavily tinselled throne for this adventurer.





DOMINATING THE SUEZ CANAL AREA AND THE PASSAGE OF OIL TO THE MEDITERRANEAN: THE NINE MEMBER COUNTRIES OF THE ARAB LEAGUE, AND THEIR POPULATION FIGURES, SHOWN IN A MAP.

This map of the Middle East, in which the nine member countries of the Arab League are shaded, clearly shows how completely the League dominates geographically not only the Suez Canal, but also the alternative pipeline routes for carrying oil from the Persian Gulf area to the Mediterranean. The total population of these nine countries is nearly 55,000,000, of which over

22,000,000 belong to Egypt. Colonel Nasser has set himself up as the dominating spirit of the Arab League, and his seizure of the Canal has been endorsed by its other members. None of the Arab League countries is represented at the London Conference on the Suez crisis, as only those nations with maritime or trade interests in the Canal were invited. Egypt declined to attend.

Reproduced from a copyright map supplied by George Philip and Son Ltd.



## IN SAUDI ARABIA TO-DAY: AN ANCIENT COUNTRY NEWLY RICH WITH OIL ROYALTIES.



SAUDI ARABIAN MILITARY POLICE, ON BRITISH MOTOR-CYCLES, PROVIDING AN ESCORT FOR KING SAUD ON THE OCCASION OF HIS DRIVING TO REVIEW ARABIAN ARMED FORCES.



KING SAUD'S CAR (WITH MOTOR-CYCLE ESCORT) PASSING THE DAHRHAN HEALTH CENTRE NEAR DAMMAM, THE OIL PORT ON THE PERSIAN GULF, BETWEEN QATAR AND KUWAIT.



## ARABIA—ITS OILFIELDS AND CAPITAL: AMERICA'S GREATEST STAKE IN THE MIDDLE EAST.



MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL BODYGUARD, ARMED WITH RIFLES AND SCIMITARS, SEATED ON RICH CARPETS IN THE ROYAL PALACE AT RIVADH, IN CENTRAL ARABIA.

SAUDI ARABIA, which became a sovereign unitary state after, and very largely as a result of, the First World War, became a rich state after the Second World War with the discovery and exploitation of the huge oilfields which lie near the Persian Gulf coast between Qatar and Kuwait. The oil operations are carried out by the Arabian American Oil Co. (Aramco), which is owned by U.S. interests, and the principal operating centre is at Dahrhan. The chief oilfield is at Abqaiq, with others at Ain Dar and Dammam, where lies the modern port we illustrate on these pages. In addition, the offshore wells of Safaniya and the huge Ghawwar oilfield are now being



KING SAUD OF SAUDI ARABIA (CENTRE) LEADING THE PRAYERS AT THE ROYAL PALACE AT RIVADH. RIVADH IS CONNECTED BY RAILWAY WITH THE PERSIAN GULF.



THE RAILWAY STATION AT THE ARABIAN PERSIAN GULF TOWN OF DAMMAM, A PORT WHICH OWES ITS EXISTENCE TO THE OIL INDUSTRY. THE RAILWAY SERVES THE OILFIELDS.



A DRILLING RIG AT WORK IN THE OFFSHORE UNDERSEA OILFIELD IN THE PERSIAN GULF.

*Continued.* Production has steadily mounted, the gross figures for 1951 being 36,000,000 long tons, and 47,000,000 long tons in 1955. Some oil is refined at Ras Tanura, not far from Dammam; and some at the nearby British-protected island state of Bahrain. Crude oil is shipped from the Persian Gulf; and, in addition, some 15,000,000 long tons of crude oil are annually transported by the pipeline system, which runs for 1068 miles



OILFIELD OF SAFANIYA. THIS VERY RICH GULF IS NOW BEING EXPLOITED.

to the Mediterranean oil port of Sidon, in Lebanon, and is thus unaffected by the Suez Canal question. During recent months there have been two developments of great significance. In May, Aramco announced in their annual report that they proposed to spend 80,000,000 dollars on capital works—“a greater investment in new facilities than in any of the past several years”—and that this investment would be largely devoted to

*(Continued above, right.)*



KING SAUD (RIGHT, WEARING GLASSES) LISTENING TO HIS COUNCIL OF MINISTERS. ON THE KING'S RIGHT HAND IS HIS BROTHER, THE CROWN PRINCE, WHO IS PRIME MINISTER.



SOME OF ARABIA'S NEW OIL WEALTH IS SPENT ON EDUCATION: AND THIS NEW SCHOOL, OPENED AT DAMMAM IN 1954, SERVES CHILDREN OF EMPLOYEES OF THE OIL INDUSTRY.

*Continued.* bringing the Safaniya offshore field into production and to increasing production from the 140-mile-long Ghawwar field, which is believed to be one of the world's largest oil reservoirs. In the same month King Saud was reported to have formed his own oil company to exploit resources not covered by the Aramco concession. In July somewhat strained relations arose between the U.S. and Arabia over the question of the U.S. air base at Dahrhan. The lease of this base, hitherto held rent free, has come to an end; and it was reported that the Arabian Government were demanding an immense rent and the supply of heavy armaments in return for the renewal of the lease.





AN OCCASION WHICH RANKS AMONG "THE GRAVEST... SINCE THE SECOND WORLD WAR": DELEGATES AT THE OPENING SESSION OF THE SUEZ CONFERENCE IN LONDON.

The opening session of the London conference on Suez, called by Britain after the earlier discussions with the United States and France concerning Colonel Nasser's nationalisation of the Suez Canal Company, took place at Lancaster House on the morning of August 16. Twenty-two of the twenty-four countries invited had sent delegations, and of the two which had refused, Greece and Egypt, the latter was represented by Wing-Commander Ali Sabri, Colonel Nasser's principal private secretary, who holds a watching brief. In our picture, delegations are seated as follows. Far side of table (l. to r.),

Turkey, United States (Mr. Dulles is third from left), Russia (Mr. Shepilov and Mr. Malik can be distinguished), the United Kingdom (with Mr. Selwyn Lloyd facing camera), Australia (with Mr. Menzies next but one to Mr. Lloyd), Ceylon, Denmark, Ethiopia. Along far end: France, West Germany, India. On the right: Indonesia, Iran, Italy, Japan, Netherlands, New Zealand, Norway and Pakistan. With backs to camera, from right: Portugal, Spain and Sweden. To open the conference, the Prime Minister, Sir Anthony Eden, gave a short speech of welcome in which he referred to the present situation as one of

the gravest since the Second World War. Following this, matters of procedure were discussed. Mr. Shepilov, the Soviet Foreign Minister, strongly criticising the composition of the conference and supporting the proposal which has been made by Egypt for a much larger conference at a later date. The first speech in the afternoon was made by Mr. Dulles, who put forward a four-point plan embodying the principles that the Canal should be run efficiently and freely in accordance with the 1888 Convention; that its operation should be separate from national politics; that the legitimate rights of Egypt and

Egypt's right to a fair return should be recognised and that compensation should be paid to the Company. There was immediate support for the plan from Sweden and Portugal, and implied support from Italy. Mr. Abdulgani, of Indonesia, a country which, perhaps significantly, repudiated its debts to the Netherlands following Colonel Nasser's act and, at the same moment, was concluding a trade pact with the Soviet Union, emphasised the right to nationalise and suggested, with reference to the Canal, expanded guarantees under the 1888 Convention. The conference then adjourned until the following afternoon.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. MOSTLY ABOUT JAMES GILLRAY.

By FRANK DAVIS.

I'M writing this on a cold day in early August with the lines of Byron running through my head:

The English winter, ending in July  
To start again in August, was begun.

and hoping that, by a sort of sympathetic magic, the season may be proving the poet wrong before these words appear in print, though to be sure it has not yet produced weather like that illustrated by James Gillray (1757-1815) in the well-known print entitled "Very Slippy Weather." It so happens that a month or two ago Soho took into its collective head to hold a "Week." There was a waiter's race through the streets, various other cheerful junketings, and the shops arranged special window displays, among them the little A.I.A. Gallery, in Lisle Street, which had the happy idea of staging an exhibition of Georgian caricatures and the yet happier idea of fitting up its window with the identical prints which hung in Mistress Humphrey's shop at 27, St. James's Street, exactly as they were in 1808 when the Gillray print was published. The show was no less cheerful than the celebrations outside, and provided the public with a good cross-section of the caricatures, partly political but mainly social, which so delighted our ancestors and were produced in such immense numbers, from 1770 to 1830, by both amateurs and professionals, several of them anonymous.

On the whole, political caricatures of the past, though they provide valuable evidence for the historian, can be tedious because they are so often incomprehensible except to the specialist. Moreover, nowadays we have become accustomed to a certain finesse in these matters and fail to see anything funny when the joke, such as it is, has to be explained by long speeches issuing from balloons from the mouths of the various

subjects of King Louis Phillipe would chuckle over a famous drawing by Charles Philipon (1800-62), in which the king's head, in four stages, changes into a pear—the point being that "*poire*," a pear, is also a slang term for "fathead." The one is savage propaganda—the other subtle wit.

Gillray's lasting contribution, apart from his occasional savagery and grossness, was his ability to give just that twist to well-known features which fixes them for ever in our minds. Probably without realising it, most of us see Pitt and Fox as he made them, just as we visualise Baldwin and Beaverbrook from the caricatures of David Low.



"VERY SLIPPY WEATHER," A CARICATURE BY JAMES GILLRAY (1757-1815). DURING THE RECENT SOHO "WEEK" THE LITTLE A.I.A. GALLERY IN LISLE STREET DISPLAYED IN ITS WINDOW THE IDENTICAL PRINTS WHICH HUNG IN MISTRESS HUMPHREY'S SHOP AT 27, ST. JAMES'S STREET, IN 1808 WHEN THIS PRINT WAS PUBLISHED.

Nor has this gift of catching a likeness and putting it down on paper with a slight but incisive exaggeration been confined to professional satirists. Annibale Carracci (1560-1609), a serious artist if ever there was one, made many caricature drawings; the great Bernini himself is remembered not only as the greatest sculptor and architect of his time (1598-1680), but as the author of a brilliant little drawing of Cardinal Scipio Borghese, in which that Prince of the Church is summed up in a few incisive lines, and the young Joshua Reynolds perpetrated a caricature group of a musical party. Hogarth can be brought into this distinguished category, but on the whole, and in spite of the opinion of most people, he seems to me a moral reformer rather than a caricaturist. The series of "Marriage à la Mode" brings a lesson home just because the people in it are such ordinary human beings; he is not making fun of them in the least; we notice not their absurdity but their bad behaviour.

The genuine caricaturist makes his victims ridiculous—sometimes savagely, as in Gillray's treatment of George III and Queen Charlotte and Napoleon, sometimes affectionately, as Phil May with his cabbies; sometimes with bland feline wit, as Sir Max Beerbohm in dealing with characters as dissimilar as William Wordsworth and Edward VII. On the whole, Gillray uses a bludgeon rather than a rapier, but can on occasion tap with it lightly enough, as in the print of 1808, showing that well-known connoisseur the Marquess of Stafford making his way to Christie's. This is

one of his more amiable quips; I doubt whether we would apply that adjective to the equally popular print of 1796 showing "Tally-Ho and his Nimeney Pimmeney Taking the Morning Lounge," which everyone would have immediately recognised as Lord Derby and his mistress, Miss Farren, the former rotund and dwarf-like, the latter elongated to absurdity. Quite apart from the law of libel we should consider it to-day as monstrous bad taste, which shows how far removed we are from that robust world of a century and a half ago. But whatever our view on that point both these prints seem to me to show Gillray at his best—his ability

to seize upon a likeness and, by slight exaggeration and distortion, to present us with portraits which remain in the memory. Nor, in the "Tally-Ho" print, can we easily forget the sly dig at the fantastic fashions of the time in the group in the background, where the woman in the centre is wearing an enormous feathered head-dress, only a little larger than those actually in favour for a brief period. Mrs. Humphreys and other booksellers would sell these and a thousand other prints for 6d. plain and 1s. coloured, and they were so popular that folios of them would be hired out for the evening; they seem to have provided the amusement now offered by evening paper gossip writers, the cinema and the radio.

Thomas Rowlandson, Gillray's contemporary, was, of course, mixed up in all this, but he seems to me to be wholly different in temperament, far more light-hearted, and not in the least interested in politics—nor, off-hand, can I call to mind anything by him which can be labelled a portrait-caricature. That he could do a straight portrait is clear enough from that fine drawing by him in the British Museum of his friend George Morland. No, Rowlandson, in pretty well all his lively productions, was interested in types not individuals. In addition, largely because he produced an enormous number of drawings, mainly in water-colour, whereas Gillray did not (there are a few, but they are very rare), we place him in a higher class altogether, as a notable, if boisterous, exponent of that water-colour technique we claim to be peculiarly English. He is to be seen in every exhibition of water-colours by the side of Cozens



A POPULAR PRINT OF 1796 WHICH WE "SHOULD CONSIDER TO-DAY AS MONSTROUS BAD TASTE": GILLRAY'S "A PEEP AT CHRISTIE'S, OR TALLY-HO AND HIS NIMENEY PIMMENEY TAKING THE MORNING LOUNGE," WHICH EVERYBODY WOULD HAVE AT ONCE RECOGNISED AS LORD DERBY AND HIS MISTRESS, MISS FARREN.

characters, a clumsy device used with overmuch frequency by Gillray. Perhaps the contrast between the distant and the more recent past can be summarised thus:—the contemporaries of Luther would be edified and delighted by a crude print of the Pope being tormented in Hell; the



"THAT WELL-KNOWN CONNOISSEUR THE MARQUESS OF STAFFORD MAKING HIS WAY TO CHRISTIE'S": "MAECENAS IN PURSUIT OF THE FINE ARTS," BY GILLRAY, PUBLISHED IN 1808, AND ALSO EXHIBITED AT THE A.I.A. GALLERY.

and Girtin and Turner. One can scarcely imagine Gillray in such artistically respectable, not to say august company.

None the less, he is an important personage in the long line of able cartoonists (as we now call them), from the men who decorated mediæval manuscripts with grotesques down to Mr. Osbert Lancaster, and must not be forgotten.



"FLEMISH ART FROM BRITISH COLLECTIONS":  
A MAGNIFICENT LOAN EXHIBITION AT BRUGES.



"THE MADONNA AND CHILD WITH ANGELS," BY QUENTIN METSYS (1466-1530). (Panel; 24½ by 17 ins.) (Lent by C. W. Dyson Perrins, Esq.)



"THE MADONNA AND CHILD," BY DIRK BOUTS (c. 1415-1475), WHO SETTLED IN LOUVAIN IN ABOUT 1457, AND BECAME THE CITY'S OFFICIAL ARTIST ELEVEN YEARS LATER. (Panel; 12 by 11 ins.) (Lent by Captain E. G. Spencer Churchill.)



"THE INCE HALL MADONNA," A LATE WORK BY JAN VAN EYCK (1390?-1441). (Panel; 9 by 5½ ins.) (Lent by the National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne.)

THE Belgian Government has co-operated with the City of Bruges in arranging the very fine loan exhibition "Flemish Art from British Collections," which continues at the Groeninge Museum, Bruges, until September 16. The 110 paintings, ranging in date from the fifteenth to the seventeenth centuries, have been chosen by Sir Philip Henty, Professor Ellis Waterhouse and Mr. Christopher Norris. Among those who have lent works to the exhibition are the Queen and the Princess Royal. The exhibition is extremely effectively hung and these precious masterpieces are seen at their very best. One of the most important works in the exhibition is the superb little van Eyck "Ince Hall Madonna" (reproduced above), which has been lent from Melbourne and has not been publicly shown in Europe since 1906. The Metsys "Madonna" shown on this page is of the very highest quality for the work of this artist, who was the earliest of the great painters working in Antwerp.



"SCENES FROM THE LEGEND OF ST. NICHOLAS," BY GERARD DAVID (1460?-1523). THESE THREE PANELS, AND THREE OTHERS SHOWING THE LEGEND OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA, WHICH ARE ALSO IN THE EXHIBITION, FORMED THE PREDELLA OF AN ALTAR-PIECE NOW IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY AT WASHINGTON. (Panel; each 22 by 13½ ins.) (Lent by Christopher Loyd, Esq.)



"PORTRAIT OF EDWARD GRIMSTON," BY PETRUS CHRISTUS (1410?-1473). (Panel; 13½ by 9½ ins.) (Lent by the Earl of Verulam.)



"THE MADONNA AND CHILD," A LITTLE-KNOWN WORK BY HANS MEMLING (c. 1435-1494). (Panel; diameter 7½ ins.) (Lent by the Mount Trust.)



"PORTRAIT OF A MAN," BY ROGER VAN DER WEYDEN (1400?-1464). (Panel; 7½ by 5½ ins.) (Lent by the National Trust; Upton House.)



# FLEMISH MASTERPIECES FROM BRITAIN: SACRED AND SECULAR SCENES.



"THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. CATHERINE," THE RIGHT WING OF AN ALTAR-PIECE BY BERNARD VAN ORLEY (1488?-1541): ONE OF THREE VERY FINE EXAMPLES OF THIS ARTIST'S WORK IN THE EXHIBITION AT BRUGES. (Panel; 44½ by 25½ ins.) (Lent anonymously.)



"ST. JOSEPH DRAWING WATER," AN INTERESTING FRAGMENT FROM A "FLIGHT INTO EGYPT," BY ALBERT BOUTS (c. 1460-1549), WHO WAS THE SECOND SON OF DIRK BOUTS AND DID MOST OF HIS WORK AT LOUVAIN. (Panel; 10½ by 8 ins.) (Lent by Mrs. M. T. Weld-Blundell and Colonel J. W. Weld.)



"ST. LOUIS (OF FRANCE) GIVING ALMS," THE LEFT WING OF THE ALTAR-PIECE BY BERNARD VAN ORLEY. THIS ARTIST WAS BORN AT BRUSSELS BUT WAS STRONGLY INFLUENCED BY THE ITALIAN SCHOOL. (Panel; 44½ by 25½ ins.) (Lent anonymously.)



"THE DORMITION OF THE VIRGIN," A REMARKABLE WORK BY PIETER BRUEGHEL THE ELDER (c. 1525-1569), WHICH WAS IN THE COLLECTION OF RUBENS. (Grisaille on panel; 14½ by 21½ ins.) (Lent by the National Trust; Upton House.)



(Above.)  
"A FOREST ROADWAY," BY JAN BRUEGHEL THE ELDER ("VELVET BRUEGHEL") (1568-1625), WHO WAS THE SECOND SON OF PIETER BRUEGHEL THE ELDER. (Signed and dated 1607. Panel; 18½ by 32½ ins.) (Lent by the Earl of Warwick.)



"THE OFFICE OF A LAWYER," BY MARINUS VAN REYMERSWAELE (1497?-c.1570). (Signed and dated 1542. Panel; 40½ by 50½ ins.) (Lent by W. R. Drown, Esq.)

Continued.]

remarkable paintings in the whole exhibition is the Elder Brueghel's "The Dormition of the Virgin," which is strikingly hung against a black background. It was probably painted in about 1564 for Brueghel's friend, Abraham Ortelius. Van Reymerswaele's "The Office of a Lawyer" is one of the

ONE of the great glories of the work of the Flemish School is its variety, both as regards style and subject. This is well illustrated in the seven paintings reproduced on this page, which are to be seen in the most interesting loan exhibition "Flemish Art from British Collections," at the Groeninge Museum, in Bruges. The earliest painting on this page is the very fine fragment by Albert Bouts, which has as its subject one very rarely chosen by Masters of any school. Among the most

(Continued below, left.)



"THE CARNATION LOVERS," BY DAVID TENIERS THE YOUNGER (1610-1690), WHO WAS COURT PAINTER TO THE ARCHDUKE LEOPOLD WILLIAM AT BRUSSELS. (Panel; 15½ by 14½ ins.) (Lent by Lieut.-Colonel Sir Edmund Bacon, Bart.)

several works at Bruges which have not previously been publicly exhibited. It has now been possible to decipher the texts of the papers hanging at the back of the picture. This has enabled experts to find out more of the historical details concerning this lively scene and the characters portrayed.



FLEMISH MADONNAS AND  
PORTRAITS: AT BRUGES.

"PORTRAIT OF A LADY AS THE MAGDALEN," BY JOOS VAN CLEVE (c. 1485-1540). (Panel; 14½ by 10½ ins.) (Lent by Captain E. G. Spencer Churchill.)



"PORTRAIT OF MARTIN RUZE," BY FRANS POURBUS THE YOUNGER (1569-1622). (Panel; 25½ by 20½ ins.) (Lent by the National Trust; Upton House.)



"PORTRAIT OF A PRELATE," BY CORNELIS VAN CLEVE (1520-1567). (Panel; 28½ by 21½ ins.) (Lent by Captain E. G. Spencer Churchill.)



"THE MADONNA AND CHILD," BY DIRK BOUTS (c. 1415-1475), WHO SETTLED IN LOUVAIN IN 1457. (Panel; 13 by 9½ ins.) (Lent anonymously.)



"THE MADONNA AND CHILD WITH ANGELS," BY JOOS VAN CLEVE. THE LANDSCAPES ARE PROBABLY BY PATINIR. (Panel; 33 by 26 ins.) (Lent by Mrs. M. T. Weld-Blundell and Col. J. W. Weld.)



"THE MADONNA AND CHILD," BY ALBERT BOUTS (c. 1460-1549), THE SECOND SON OF DIRK BOUTS. (Panel; 11½ by 9 ins.) (Lent by Sir Ralph Clarke.)



"CHARLES II, AGED ABOUT SEVEN," ONE OF THE TWELVE WORKS BY SIR A. VAN DYCK (1599-1642). (Canvas; 50½ by 40½ ins.) (Lent by the Duke of Portland, K.G.)



"PORTRAIT OF A MAN," BY J. GOSSART, CALLED MABUSE (c. 1472-1536). (Panel; 24½ by 18½ ins.) (Lent by the Marquess of Lansdowne.)



"PORTRAIT OF TOMASO RAGGI," BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK. (Canvas; 51 by 40½ ins.) (Lent by The Mount Trust; by courtesy of Captain and Mrs. V. Bulkeley-Johnson.)

It is natural that there should be as many as twelve important works by Sir Anthony van Dyck in the loan exhibition from British Collections at Bruges. Like his master, Rubens, van Dyck was greatly influenced by the Italian School and he also followed Rubens' example in his close connections with England. From 1632-41 he was Court painter to Charles I in London, and his magnificent

portraits had a deep influence on the development of the English school of portrait painters. The two reproduced on this page are relatively little-known, while the exhibition also includes such famous works as the superb "Portrait of the Abbé Scaglia," the powerful "Ecce Homo" from Birmingham, and the fine double portrait of Lord John and Lord Bernard Stuart.



# THE GENIUS OF RUBENS: MASTERPIECES AT THE LOAN EXHIBITION OF FLEMISH ART AT BRUGES.



"THE ELEVATION OF THE CROSS"; RUBENS' SKETCHES FOR THE TRIPTYCH IN ANTWERP CATHEDRAL, PAINTED SOON AFTER HIS RETURN FROM ITALY. (Panel; centre-piece, 26 by 21½ ins.) (Wings lent by the Governors of Dulwich College; centre-piece by the Musée du Louvre.)



"THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI," WHICH IS A FREE COPY AFTER VERONESE, PAINTED BY RUBENS TOWARDS THE END OF HIS ITALIAN VISIT. (Canvas; 27 by 20 ins.) (Lent by Christopher Norris, Esq.)



"THE ADORATION OF THE KINGS": A MAGNIFICENT COMPOSITION ON A VERY LARGE SCALE. (Panel; 129½ by 96 ins.) (Lent by the Duke of Westminster.)



"JAMES I UNITING ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND": A SKETCH FOR THE FAMOUS WHITE-HALL CEILING. (Panel; 25 by 19 ins.) (Lent by Colonel R. H. Davies.)



"ST. IGNATIUS," A FINE PAINTING WHICH HAS NOT BEEN SEEN IN AN EXHIBITION SINCE 1857. (Canvas; 88 by 54 ins.) (Lent by the Earl of Warwick.)



"CADMUS AND THE DRAGON'S TEETH," A SKETCH FOR THE PAINTING OF THIS SUBJECT IN THE PRADO MUSEUM, DATING FROM 1636-38. (Panel; 10½ by 18½ ins.) (Lent by Lieut.-Colonel Sir Edmund Bacon, Bart.)

A WHOLE gallery is devoted to the display of the fifteen works by Sir Peter Paul Rubens (1577-1640) in the exhibition of "Flemish Art from British Collections" at Bruges. Thus the crowning genius of the Flemish School is most impressively represented in this selection from British collections, which have long been rich in the work of an artist who was several times in England, and who did much to improve English collections, not only with his own works, but also with fine examples by other great Flemish painters. This exhibition has provided the opportunity of bringing together the wings and the centre-piece of the sketches for "The Elevation of the Cross," Rubens' great altar-piece in Antwerp Cathedral. While the wings are in the collection of Dulwich College, the centre-piece of this triptych is in the Louvre, and it is most interesting to be able to see these striking sketches brought together again. Fortunately it has also been possible to transport safely



"A LIONESS AT PLAY," A MAGNIFICENT EXAMPLE OF RUBENS' GREAT SKILL WITH THE BRUSH. (Canvas; 44 by 78 ins.) (Lent by the Earl of Normanton.)

from Eaton Hall the vast "Adoration of the Kings," belonging to the Duke of Westminster. This work is most effectively hung between two other large paintings by Rubens; the "Landscape with St. George and the Dragon," lent by the Queen, and "The Feast of Herod," another very powerful composition, from the Lady Lever Art Gallery at Port Sunlight. This interesting exhibition continues at the Groeninge Museum, Bruges until September 16.



## COLONIAL AMERICA'S BEGINNINGS REVEALED IN JAMESTOWN EXCAVATIONS.



FIG. 1. EXCAVATING THE FIRST ENGLISH PERMANENT SETTLEMENT IN AMERICA: A BRICK HOUSE WITH STAIRCASE AND CELLAR OF THE SECOND HALF OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

IN 1957 the 350th anniversary of the first permanent English settlement in America is being celebrated; and with this in mind the U.S. National Park Service have been conducting an archaeological programme on Jamestown Island, Virginia. During the past two years a continuous programme of systematic exploration, using principally a grid of 3-ft.-wide trenches 50 ft. apart, has covered 16 acres of previously unexplored ground known to encompass the old town site. In all, more than six miles of such trenches have brought to light many unsuspected facts concerning this settlement, so

[Continued below.]



FIG. 3. TOBACCO-RAISING IN COLONIAL JAMESTOWN, FROM A PAINTING BY SYDNEY E. KING. TOBACCO-GROWING WAS STARTED BY JOHN ROLFE IN 1612, AND BY 1619 TOBACCO WAS THE SOLE SIGNIFICANT EXPORT AND SOLE MEDIUM OF EXCHANGE.



FIG. 4. RECENT EXCAVATIONS AT JAMESTOWN FROM THE AIR: (A) DITCHES; (B) A MULTI-UNIT BUILDING, 170 FT. LONG; (C) SINGLE HOUSE (FIG. 1); AND (D) A LARGE REFUSE-PIT.

Continued.]

precisely located on the edge of the marshes and woodlands of the York Peninsula, the one-time seat of the powerful Powhatan Confederacy. The excavations have revealed eight major structures, three refuse-pits, an ice-pit and many drainage ditches, and also ditches used as boundary lines. More than 100,000 artefacts were recorded and processed and are now housed in the Jamestown Museum. It has been proved that the first fort built in the spring, 1607, destroyed by fire in January 1608, and subsequently rebuilt and enlarged, was completely obliterated and forgotten by the end of the seventeenth century, and was sited on ground now completely eroded away by the James River. An extensive burial-ground was discovered at the western end of the island. Several factors, including the fact that the dead were buried hurriedly without coffins, suggest that



FIG. 5. FROM THE SITE: (L. TO R.) A BRASS CANDLESTICK AND SNUFFER; AN ENGLISH SGRAFFITO WARE CANDLESTICK; AND ONE OF LOCAL LEAD-GLAZED WARE (1625-40).

these were the victims of the "starving-time" of the hard winter of 1609-10, who may have been disposed of in haste and secrecy for fear of discovery of the plight of the settlers by hostile Indians. Among the seventeenth-century features uncovered have been an iron smelting pit, forge site, pottery kiln and clay pits, brick kiln, lime kiln, ice storage pits and refuse-pits—each the earliest of its type to be discovered in an American English colony. No reconstructions are planned at Jamestown, but the most important features and structures will be marked on the surface and certain ditches will be reopened to show the boundaries of certain land-holdings. In a new museum the details of the site will be recorded and interpreted for the benefit of visitors to Jamestown and all those interested in the precarious beginnings of a great nation.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



USUALLY, once a year, we—that is, I or somebody walking with me—find the caterpillar of an emperor moth. We found this year's specimen two weeks ago, when it was walking across a grass path that led us over a piece of rough downland. Within an hour or two from the moment of finding it, the caterpillar was pupating. This has usually been my experience, and it pinpoints one of the several outstanding features of this species. To take the story from the beginning, however, we need to start from the moment when the olive-green eggs are laid in neatly arranged batches on the stems or twigs of plants. These plants may be of many kinds, and although heather is mainly used, sallow, bramble, sloe, meadowsweet and purple loosestrife are also included. For this information I must rely upon the standard books, since I have never found the eggs, and I have never found the caterpillar except when it was fully-grown and walking over grass or over a footpath.

Still relying upon the standard information, I know the newly-hatched caterpillar to be black, with an orange stripe along each side. Later on, it is black ringed with orange; and when it is grown to a large size, that is, 2 ins. or so long, it is an extremely beautiful object. Then, and here I can rely upon first-hand observation, it is bright green, and each segment or ring of the body bears a black circle with pink studs, evenly spaced, along the circle. Each pink stud carries a coronet of half a dozen short, stout black bristles, their bases set in a small circle with their free ends diverging. The studs, with their ornamentation of bristles, are exquisitely beautiful, seen under a hand-lens; and, indeed, the whole caterpillar is remarkably beautiful to the naked eye, and even more aesthetically satisfying when examined closely under a magnifying glass.

It is now somewhat old-fashioned to speak in rapturous terms of the beauty of natural objects, because we have learned to look for a utilitarian function in these colours. For the caterpillars of the emperor moth there is a generally-accepted idea that the colours and the patterns are primarily protective. That is, they are cryptic or, in plainer language, function as a camouflage. This brings me to the first paradox. As I have already stressed, I have never found the caterpillar of the emperor moth on its food plant, only when it is travelling over the ground prior to pupation. It is true that I have not searched intensively for it, as the keen entomologist would, but I have looked for it on a number of occasions, and I am comforted in my failure to find it by the remark of E. B. Ford, in "Moths" ("New Naturalist"), that "so perfectly does their colour then conceal them that when they are 2 ins. or more in length anyone but an experienced naturalist must make quite a careful search to find these larvae as they sit fully exposed upon the heather." On the other hand, even this statement from a leading authority on moths leaves me somewhat bewildered. Our general idea of animal camouflage is of a colouring or a pattern which harmonises with its background. Here, however, we have the same caterpillar on the same background, say, heather, beautifully inconspicuous whether it is black with an orange stripe on each flank, black ringed with orange, or green with black circlets ornamented with pink studs. It is equally inconspicuous also, apparently, whether on heather, sallow, sloe, bramble, meadowsweet or purple loosestrife, plants which differ widely in form, pattern and colouring. In addition, there is the further complication that the studs on the black circlets may be yellow or blackish, as well as pink,

### EMPEROR MOTH SAGA.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

Above all, there is the anomaly that, judged by my consistent experience, the caterpillar becomes most conspicuous, by forsaking its food plant and travelling over the ground, at that



SEEN FROM BELOW: THE MALE EMPEROR MOTH, SPANNING JUST OVER 2 INS., SEATED ON A BRAMBLE STEM, SHOWING ITS CRYPTIC PATTERN AND THE CONSPICUOUS EYED SPOTS ON EACH WING.



IN THE FIRST STAGES OF PUPATION: THE CATERPILLAR OF THE EMPEROR MOTH, ITS FORM AS YET UNCHANGED, CAN BE SEEN THROUGH THE FIRST STRANDS OF SILK. THE FINISHED COCOON COMPLETELY OBSCURES THE CONTAINED PUPA.

Photographs by Ernest G. Neal.

most vital period in its life; just before it pupates.

As the caterpillar is turning into a pupa it spins a cocoon of silk, of a form which reminds us that the emperor moth is related to the silkworm. The cocoon is large and a translucent

brown, and neither in its colour nor in the position chosen is there any evident attempt at concealment. Pupation may be on a green leaf, when the brown silk shows up conspicuously, or on an exposed position on a twig. When the moth emerges from the cocoon, it does so through a slit at the narrow end which can only be opened from within and springs to again after the moth has made its exit. Here, at least, is a ready explanation, in this instance, of why concealment is unnecessary. The protective tangle of silk and the cunning one-way entrance give a fair measure of protection from enemies.

There is a similar tantalising story to be told of the imago, the fully-grown moth. The males are just over 2 ins. across the spread wings, the females nearly 3 ins. They are, therefore, large insects, conspicuous; and also beautifully patterned. The fore-wings of the males are purplish-grey, tinged with rosy or tawny shades, with a reddish patch, marked above with black, at the tips of the wings. There is a whitish margin to each wing, with a whitish patch on the middle. The hind-wings are mainly tawny, with a black margin. And on each wing there is an eyed spot. The wings of the female are purplish grey throughout, but with the borders and margins, and also the eyed spots much as in the males. There is, however, some variation in

the pattern. In some individuals the white markings may cover a larger area, in others they may be absent altogether. Even the eyed spots may sometimes be absent. The males fly about vigorously, but the females spend the day sitting exposed, particularly on heather, becoming active mainly at night. Both sexes, therefore, make no attempt at concealment.

The colours and patterning of the wings of both male and female are of the cryptic type, or so it would have appeared, but, by another paradox, the general opinion is that they are warningly coloured; that is, that the colours are such that they do not impart a crypsis to their possessors, but flaunt the presence of their owners and have the quality of warning would-be enemies to leave them alone. The "warning," if such it can be called, resides in the presence of the eyed spots. The general idea concerning these is that they divert the attention of a would-be predator away from more vital parts of the body. By pecking or biting at these—and there is one authentic instance of a lizard having been seen biting at the "eyes" of an emperor moth—damage is inflicted at a point where it makes little difference to the moth, for it can still fly with tattered wings.

Another view is that the appearance of eyes seen in these circular markings actually scares away enemies or possible attackers. Certainly, it is a common experience that birds will be wary of or, under certain circumstances, scared by an eye or anything resembling an eye, such, for example, as the lens of a camera. Conversely, a bird is very prone to attack an eye. The eyed spots may therefore be both "warning" and "distracting," according to the reactions of the creature involved. It is a subject on which a good deal more information is needed. But in spite of these strenuous efforts to see functions in the patterns and colours of both caterpillars and imagos of the emperor moth, the fact still remains that, to human eyes, they are intrinsically beautiful. Certainly it is more satisfying merely to contemplate the insects from this point of view than to ponder, in the present state of our knowledge, the somewhat tenuous attempts to explain the colours and patterns on a primarily utilitarian basis.



# PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND OCCASIONS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



## NEW SURVEYOR FOR ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: LORD MOTTISTONE.

Lord Mottistone has been appointed to be Surveyor to the Fabric of St. Paul's Cathedral in succession to Mr. G. Allen. With his partner, Mr. P. Paget, he has been responsible for much important reconstruction work.



## LAKE ONTARIO RECORD SWIM: MISS B. FISHER.

On August 13 Miss Brenda Fisher, of Grimsby, swam the 32 miles across Lake Ontario in the record time of 18 hours 51 mins., beating the record set up by Miss M. Bell by 2 hours 5 mins. Miss Bell, the first to swim the lake, created her record two years ago at the age of 16.



## HOME FROM CYPRUS: MR. JOHN CREMER.

Mr. John Cremer, the retired Civil Servant who was held hostage in Cyprus by Eoka terrorists earlier this month, has been "brought over to Britain in the interests of his own safety." Mr. Cremer, who is seventy-eight, arrived at London Airport on August 16. He had suffered from shock as the result of his experience.



## FAIREY AVIATION'S NEW MANAGER: MR. G. W. HALL.

Mr. Geoffrey W. Hall has been appointed Managing Director of the Fairey Aviation Co. in succession to Sir Richard Fairey, who has resigned but remains as executive chairman. Mr. Hall led the team which won the world speed record with the Fairey Delta 2.



## APPOINTED GOVERNOR OF UGANDA: SIR FREDERICK CRAWFORD.

Sir Frederick Crawford, who is fifty, has been appointed Governor of Uganda in succession to Sir Andrew Cohen. He was Governor and C.-in-C. of the Seychelles from 1951-53, when he was appointed Deputy Governor of Kenya.



## A GREAT NAVAL STRATEGIST: THE LATE ADML. McCORMICK.

The death occurred on August 16 of Admiral Lynde D. McCormick, President of the U.S. Naval War College. He was sixty-one. During the war Admiral McCormick gave distinguished service in the Pacific, finally being appointed Deputy Commander-in-Chief, Pacific.



## SUCCEEDING AS THE MARQUESS OF BUTE.

The Earl of Dumfries, known during his grandfather's lifetime as Lord Cardiff, succeeded his father, who died on August 14, as the Marquess of Bute. He is the elder of twins and is aged twenty-three. Last year he married Miss Nicola Weld-Forester.



## A BRILLIANT THEOLOGIAN AND SPEAKER, AND A GREAT ADMINISTRATOR: THE LATE CARDINAL GRIFFIN, ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

Cardinal Griffin, Archbishop of Westminster, died early on August 20 at the age of fifty-seven after a heart attack, while convalescing in Cornwall. Cardinal Griffin, who at forty-five was the youngest Cardinal in the Roman Catholic Church, was known for his warm and friendly nature, and as a great administrator and a brilliant theologian and speaker. He was a forthright spokesman on current religious problems. He was appointed Archbishop in 1943 and became a Cardinal in 1946. Before his appointment as Archbishop he had, since 1938, been Bishop Auxiliary of Birmingham. He was ordained in 1924 and had served in the R.N.A.S. in the First World War.



## THE LATE LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR OTTO LUND.

Lieut.-General Sir Otto Lund, K.C.B., D.S.O., Commissioner-in-Chief of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, since 1950, died in London on August 15. He served in the First World War, and in the Second became Director, Royal Artillery.



## A GREAT LANDOWNER: THE LATE MARQUESS OF BUTE.

The Marquess of Bute died on August 14 at his home on the Isle of Bute. He was 49, and had been suffering from a throat complaint. He was one of Scotland's principal landowners and was also an authority on ornithology, his chief private interest.



## FORMER NAZI FOREIGN MINISTER: THE LATE BARON VON NEURATH.

Baron von Neurath, who was sentenced at Nuremberg to fifteen years' imprisonment but was released in November 1954 for health reasons, died on August 15, aged eighty-three. He was the German Foreign Minister from 1930 until 1938.



## A FORTHCOMING MARRIAGE REQUIRING ROYAL ASSENT: CAPTAIN ALEXANDER RAMSAY, A GREAT-GRANDSON OF QUEEN VICTORIA, AND MISS FLORA FRASER, THE DAUGHTER OF LORD SALTOUN.

Royal Assent in Council, required for members of the Royal family under the Royal Marriages Act of 1772, was given by the Queen, it is understood, on August 19 to the forthcoming marriage of Captain Alexander Ramsay to Miss Flora Fraser. Captain Ramsay is a great-grandson of Queen Victoria. The Queen's assent was reported to have been given at a Council on the Royal yacht, shortly before her Majesty went ashore at Leith to attend the opening of the Edinburgh Festival.



## NEW U.S. AMBASSADOR TO EGYPT: MR. RAYMOND HARE.

It was announced in Washington on Aug. 14 that Mr. R. Hare had been nominated as the new United States Ambassador to Egypt. Mr. Hare is Director-General of the Foreign Service. He succeeds Mr. Byroade, who has been appointed to Cape Town.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



IT has been my good fortune this summer to make the acquaintance of two thalictrums of exceptional charm and beauty, one at least of which gives

every promise of proving a really good garden plant; not merely beautiful, but essentially worthwhile and growable. As to the other, I am not so certain. There is no doubt about its beauty, which is outstanding, but I hear dark rumours as to its being a difficult fusspot. But that does not worry me. It will be a simple matter to plant specimens out in some carefully chosen spot in the



"A REALLY VALUABLE ACQUISITION FOR THE ROCK GARDEN, THE ALPINE HOUSE, AND ESPECIALLY FOR THE STONE TROUGH": *THALICTRUM KIUSIANUM*, A TRUE DWARF FROM JAPAN, "ONLY REACHING A HEIGHT OF 3 OR 4, OR PERHAPS 5 INS."

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

garden—or several such spots—and await results. Meanwhile, I have been reading up the thalictrums, if only as a salutary reminder of how profoundly ignorant I am of these plants as a family. For instance, there are some 130 species, yet I have only known and grown about half a dozen of them. Too paltry! I learn, too, that their leaves are mostly "many times teretely or pinnately divided into numerous leaflets (i.e., decomposed), but with only one leaflet (i.e., unifoliate) in one species (*T. rotundifolium*) and only three leaflets (i.e., trifoliate) in a few others (e.g., *T. virgatum*). But do not be discouraged: as a description of the leaves of thalictrums as a family, for common-or-garden use, the term "Maidenhair-like" will serve.

Then there is the matter of the matrimonial or reproductive arrangements among the flowers of the thalictrums. These surely are "stranger than anyone thinks." In many of the species the flowers are small and insignificant, and in most species, one reads, in the R.H.S. "Dictionary of Gardening," "they are bisexual (i.e., perfect or hermaphrodite), but in many American species unisexual (i.e., male or female), the plants then being dioecious (i.e., with the male and female flowers on different individuals) or poly-gamodioecious (i.e., with most flowers on an individual plant male or female but some hermaphrodite) or poly-gamous (i.e., with male, female and hermaphrodite flowers on the same individual)." None of the dear old-fashioned "eternal triangle" nonsense among the thalictrums. A fine assortment of polygonal complexes are surely more likely.

Perhaps the two best-known thalictrums are *T. aquilegifolium* and the Yellow Meadow Rue, *T. flavum*, both of which are handsome, hardy perennials for the herbaceous border. *Flavum* is a British native, growing 2 to 3 ft. tall, with fluffy yellow flower-heads. *Thalictrum aquilegifolium* is an Alpine and sub-Alpine meadow-plant, with leaves uncommonly like a columbine, and 2- to 3-ft. stems carrying fluffy flower-heads

## THALICTRUMS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

which vary from pale to dark lilac, or white. The last time I was in the Savoy Alps I saw great quantities of this handsome plant in the hay-fields, and brought back a specimen of both the lilac and the white forms, which I planted in rough grass in my garden. There they flowered and did fairly well for a year or two, but the grass was apparently too rough and tough for them, and this year they have flowered so poorly that I shall dig them up and replant them in the less overpowering competition of a mixed flower border.

Then there is the pretty little dwarf species, *Thalictrum alpinum*, growing only 9 ins. or so high, with delicate maidenhair-like foliage and inconspicuous greenish flowers. I have found this occasionally in the Craven Highlands of West Yorkshire, and frequently in the Alps. It is well worth growing for the sake of its foliage in the rock garden. The finest and most beautiful thalictrum that I have seen, however, is *T. dipterocarpum* (of garden and nursery catalogues). I give that

qualification because there seems to be some doubt about the name, the plant popularly known as *dipterocarpum* being—the botanists tell us—*T. delavayi*. Whatever its name, it is a truly lovely plant, tall, slender and graceful, with the typical maidenhair foliage of the family and, reaching a height of from 2 to 5 ft., it carries a great,

airy panicle of flowers, with mauve sepals—which look like petals—and soft, yellow anthers. There is a double-flowered variety which is no less beautiful. A superb plant for grouping in the herbaceous border, or when grown as a colony by itself in some semi-wild position in half-open woodland or on the outskirts of the rock garden.

*Thalictrum diffusiforme* is one of the two species whose acquaintance I have made this summer, and the one which is said to be not easy to grow. As the plant was only introduced from South-East Tibet in 1938, let us hope that its reputation as a not-easy-to-grow plant is based on limited experience, for it is a most lovely thing, even judging by the two small, pot-grown, Alpine house specimens that I have seen. The foliage is in the maidenhair tradition, and the flowers by far the largest that

I have seen in the family, being fully an inch and a half across, with four large, delicate mauve petal-like sepals, and a central tuft of yellow anthers on mauve filaments, looking like a tiny fairy bundle of asparagus in those two colours. The plant is said to be capable of reaching a height of from 3 to 10 ft. A group of fully-grown specimens must be a truly splendid sight. The other new acquaintance is *Thalictrum kiusianum* and came from Japan in 1930, a most welcome stranger, and a really valuable acquisition for the rock garden, the Alpine house, and especially for the stone trough or sink garden. It is a true dwarf, only reaching a height of 3 or 4, or perhaps 5 ins. I have a couple of young specimens planted out on one of my trough gardens and they have been flowering this summer, most of July and well into August, with dark, slender, wiry stems, carrying loose corymbs of lilac flowers which appear to be nothing but hedgehogs of anthers. Yet, despite there being no visible petals or sepals, the effect is most decorative in a small, dainty way well suited to the miniature rocky landscape of their surround, and I am glad to say the little plants have proved



A MEADOW RUE FROM SOUTH-EAST TIBET: *THALICTRUM DIFFUSIFORME*, WITH "FLOWERS BY FAR THE LARGEST THAT I HAVE SEEN IN THE FAMILY," MAUVE WITH YELLOW ANTHERS ON MAUVE FILAMENTS.

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

absolutely hardy, having withstood last winter's bitter cold without protection and without the slightest harm. And as to soil, they are in a very ordinary mixture of loam and silver sand, with the addition of a little peat, and a good quantity of limestone chips. The plants have increased steadily and sedately, with no sign of being eager land-grabbers, a trait which is such a menace and nightmare to the sink-rock gardener—or to any rock gardener for that matter. In fact, I consider little *kiusianum* one of the most promising and charming new rock-garden plants that I have met for a very long time.

## A SOLUTION TO EVERY GIFT PROBLEM

THE gift of a subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is surely the ideal choice on the occasion of weddings and anniversaries of friends, relatives or business acquaintances at home or abroad. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will be a continuing reminder of the donor and provide twelve months of interesting reading and the best pictorial presentation of the personalities and events of the day.

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# RECORDED BY THE CAMERA: NEWS FROM LAND, SEA AND AIR.



THE SHIP WHICH IS TO TAKE THE NEW ZEALAND SECTION OF THE COMMONWEALTH ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION TO ANTARCTICA: H.M.N.Z.S. ENDEAVOUR.



AT SOUTHAMPTON: LADY WEBB, THE NEW ZEALAND HIGH COMMISSIONER'S WIFE, PERFORMING THE RENAMING CEREMONY OF H.M.N.Z.S. ENDEAVOUR. At a ceremony held at Southampton on August 15, Lady Webb, the wife of the New Zealand High Commissioner, renamed the old Royal Research Ship *John Biscoe* (now being replaced by a new vessel to bear the name) with the name *Endeavour*, after Captain Cook's ship. The ship was sold to the New Zealand Government earlier this year and has had a refit at Thornycroft's yard, Southampton. Later this year she will transport Sir Edmund Hillary and the New Zealand Antarctic expedition to McMurdo Sound on the Ross Sea coast of Antarctica.



AT IDLEWILD AIRPORT, NEW YORK: BRITAIN'S BRISTOL BRITANNIA 100 IS A CENTRE OF INTEREST AFTER ITS MAIDEN TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT.

The Bristol *Britannia* 100, which is on a sales tour of the United States, landed at Idlewild Airport, New York, on August 13 after a trouble-free maiden transatlantic flight. Crowds of interested Americans gathered round the aircraft. The *Britannia* then flew direct from New York to San Diego, California, gaining the distinction of being the first British aircraft to make a non-stop crossing of the United States.



AFTER WINNING THE BRIGHTON STAKES: MISS PAT SMYTHE, ON FLANAGAN, RECEIVING A ROSETTE FROM CAPTAIN WEBBER. Miss Pat Smythe crowned her successes in the sixth annual Brighton Horse Show and South of England jumping championships when she won the championship of the Show on the concluding day, August 19. In the second jump-off Miss Smythe, riding *Prince Hal*, jumped a brilliant round to finish clear. On August 16 Miss Smythe gained her third success at the Brighton Horse Show when she won the Brighton stakes on *Flanagan*.



EVACUATED BY FLYING-BOAT: BRITISH WOMEN AND CHILDREN FROM THE SUEZ CANAL ZONE ARRIVING AT SOUTHAMPTON RECENTLY.

The first British women and children to be evacuated by flying-boat were flown home from the Suez Canal Zone in an Aquila Airways *Solent* aircraft, which arrived at Southampton on August 14. The flying-boat carried twenty-one wives and twenty-three children of men employed by civilian contractors. All spoke of their regret at leaving Suez.



SUGGESTING MISSILES FROM OUTER SPACE: CONCRETE "TETRAPODS" BEING USED IN THE BIG HARBOUR PROTECTION SCHEME AT WICK.

These "tetrapods," which weigh 7½ tons each and are made of concrete, are being used at Wick, on the east coast of Scotland, to protect the harbour from the sea by helping to break the force of the waves. Some 250 of the 600 "tetrapods" which will eventually be required have already been made.





A "LIVING FOSSIL" IN ANGOLA: ONE OF THE RAREST AND STRANGEST OF TREES, *WELWITSCHIA BAINESII*, WITH PROFESSOR HUMBERT.



A FEMALE PLANT OF *WELWITSCHIA*, SHOWING THE BRANCHES WHICH CARRY THE GREENISH-CRIMSON CONES: THE MALE PLANT HAS CATKINS. THOUSAND-YEAR-OLD TREES A FEW INCHES HIGH: THE ASTONISHING *WELWITSCHIA*, FROM THE DESERTS OF ANGOLA.

This extraordinary plant, which was collected in 1946 by Professor Humbert of the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, for the Chicago Natural History Museum, is, in spite of appearances, a tree and one of great age (as described by Mrs. Elizabeth Rigby in "Natural History"). It was discovered in the last century in the Mossamedes Desert, in Angola (Portuguese South-West Africa), and has no immediate relatives, living or fossil, being described as "a highly-specialised survival of an ancient stock, and as such may well be called a relict." The central portion is the woody trunk. It stops

growing upwards as soon as it produces its first pair of leaves. Then it starts to grow sideways, increasing in diameter until it can reach a circumference of 14 ft. The leaves reach 6 ft. in length and about 3 ft. in width. Seed was sown at Kew Gardens in 1880, and from its growth in sixteen years it was calculated that some of the full-grown specimens in Angola might well be 1000 years old. Growing specimens may still be seen in the tropical houses at Kew. It survives in nature in only two isolated spots and is adapted to stand droughts of up to ten years in length.

Photographs by courtesy of the Chicago Natural History Museum.





AN EPIC CROSSING OF THE ATLANTIC IN A RAFT: *L'EGARE II*, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR OFF THE LIZARD, WITH TWO OF HER CREW WAVING AFTER THEIR 87-DAY VOYAGE.

On May 24 four French-Canadians set out from Halifax, Nova Scotia, intending to drift across the Atlantic on a Kon-Tiki-style raft of cedar logs called *L'Egare II*. One of the men was taken off by a fishing vessel after a prolonged bout of nausea, but the remaining three—Henri Beaudot, Gaston Vanackerr and Mark Modena—remained with the raft. They had a certain amount of food with them, and on July 5, in mid-Atlantic, an American troopship gave them some more food. For the last thirty days of their voyage, however, they had no water and only one potato, one slice of bacon and one meat patty between them; and had to rely on the sea for food and the rain for water. On August 20 the Dutch steamer *Blydendyk* reported

that they were drifting off the Lizard and were asking for a tow. Henri Beaudot was brought off the raft by the Lizard lifeboat and arrangements were made to tow the raft into Falmouth, with Vanackerr and Modena on board. In all, their drifting voyage across the Atlantic had taken them 87 days. Last year they had made a similar attempt, but on that occasion the raft *L'Egare I* had foundered off Newfoundland after drifting for 66 days. Beaudot, who said he had had as much as he could stand, was heavily bearded, but appeared quite fit. He is a Frenchman who emigrated to Canada 4½ years ago and founded an exploration club there. He is married, but his wife and child still live in France. His companions are unmarried.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## IN OLD VIENNA.

By J. C. TREWIN.

VIENNA, in the theatre, reminds one of musical-comedy waltz-time or, perhaps, of "Anatol." It is always a mild surprise to meet its name on the programme of "Measure For Measure." Shakespeare meant it to be a city "stewed in corruption," a hot, passionate background for Angelo's temptation, Isabella's pleading, and the Duke's fantastic Haroun-al-Raschid manoeuvres in the midnight gaol. A director who fails to suggest this atmosphere has not been in Shakespeare's Vienna (which could be called by any other name with equal reason).

Six years ago now, Peter Brook staged "Measure For Measure" at Stratford upon Avon with astonishing effect: the piece came across to us in a fierce gust: we knew Vienna's sultry days and its sultrier nights before the enfolding star called up the shepherd. A few evenings ago, and yet again at Stratford, I should have felt some contrast when I came from the Memorial Theatre into a stillness where one or two swans of Avon slept in the moonlight by Clopton Bridge. Not so. Anthony Quayle's revival, in an austere impressive permanent set by Tanya Moiseiwitsch, prison or public square or Mariana's grange, all chill and sunless, had not captured the essential spirit of Shakespeare's Vienna: the actors had to fight for it all the way.

One of them almost saved the night by himself. Alan Badel, who had been having an indifferent season, suddenly found himself as Lucio, slippery-tongued "fantastic," who is one of the symbols of the city's vice. Lucio must never lack relish; he must never falter over a

(Clive Revill) and his declaration of independence. But these were actors acting: none of them walked from Vienna into Vienna as Mr. Badel did: a citizen of the city.

It is, I agree, curious to come from a "Measure For Measure" remembering its Lucio. Let me add at once that Margaret Johnston's Isabella is something for record: a heroine who palpably feels what she speaks, and who is not merely a cold young woman with all of, let us say, Helena's ability to irritate us. Miss Johnston, whose first Shakespearian season this is, approaches the text freshly. That should be the duty of actors and audience at any Shakespearian play. Too often, alas, a stock performance gets the stock response. It is a joy when, as Miss Johnston did with Desdemona, and as she does now with Isabella, someone gets us to hear anew. (It is quite a time since we "heard anew" on an unlucky Festival night. A veteran actor, miscast as Lucio, then turned his greeting to Isabella, "Hail, virgin, if you be, as those cheek-roses Proclaim you are no less," into "Hail, cheeky virgin!" And the startled Isabella waited, speechless.)

Miss Johnston, at the premiere, was eloquence itself in the first appeal. As the season's Portia, she is used now to these calls for mercy. Certainly Isabella spoke with so urgent a protestation that we wondered at Angelo's coldness. The Angelo, I fear, had persuaded himself that the part should be acted in italics. As far back as 1937, Emlyn Williams had appeared most excitingly at the Old Vic. But at Stratford now, though he began in the mood with a voice like an east wind, he went on to a jerkily laborious study of emergent lust that took us out of the fantastic - mediaeval Vienna and set us down with a thud on the stage of a theatre. An Angelo should be able, in Kipling's phrase for another matter, to suggest bonfires on the ice: we do not want to see him building up the wood, kindling it with an energetic flourish of flint-and-steel, and then falling through to the cold, black water and dragging us with him. Mr. Williams managed to restore Angelo during the last act of shattered hypocrisy; but it was not the developed performance we had expected from him.

I was not much impressed by a plummily theatrical Duke (Anthony Nicholls), though he had a ducal presence and showed sometimes how he might use his voice. The Claudio (Emrys James) had intermittent power. As the Provost, Mark Dignam's lack of fuss again took our admiration.



"MISS JOHNSTON, AT THE PREMIERE, WAS ELOQUENCE ITSELF IN THE FIRST APPEAL": ISABELLA (MARGARET JOHNSTON) PLEADS WITH ANGELO (EMLYN WILLIAMS) FOR HER BROTHER CLAUDIO'S LIFE IN A SCENE FROM "MEASURE FOR MEASURE" (STRATFORD UPON AVON).

phrase; and he must keep that dangerous, flashing insolence to the last. Mr. Badel did: he was swift and glib: the gleam in the eye partnered the mocking-bird speech. Wherever he moved, Vienna moved with him.

His associates were far more laborious; the local Vice Squad would have netted only a group of hard-working grotesques. I do not deny the engaging cheekiness of Patrick Wymark's Pompey or the frowsy grandeur of Barnardine

But I cannot pretend that, its few imaginative performances apart, this "Measure For Measure" will quiver in the mind. It has come fittingly at the end of a Stratford season that has been neither very good nor particularly bad: call it a useful routine Festival.

As usual, one or two things in this very odd play were irresistible. The "head of Ragozine" is as unintentionally comic as the mole, the "sanguine star," on the neck of Guiderius in "Cymbeline"; but the most cheerful thing in the night is the Duke's resolve to help out his dramatist, and to get the play rammed in among the Comedies by main force. How to do that? Avoid deaths (Ragozine's "of a cruel fever" is



A NIGHT OUT AT STRATFORD WHEN "THE ACTORS HAD TO FIGHT IT ALL THE WAY": "MEASURE FOR MEASURE," SHOWING A SCENE FROM ANTHONY QUAYLE'S LAST PRODUCTION AS A DIRECTOR OF THE MEMORIAL THEATRE WITH (L. TO R.) CLAUDIO (EMRYS JAMES) AND THE DUKE (ANTHONY NICHOLLS) DISGUISED AS A FRIAR.

incidental), and, somehow, to run up a happy ending. Shakespeare does this. I was not really surprised to observe that the swans were sleeping by Clopton; their namesake was surely drowsing when he made the Duke intone:

Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home  
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's—  
Th' offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel,  
I have a motion much imports your good,  
Whereto, if you'll a willing ear incline,  
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine...

The dear girl, no longer to be a votarist of St. Clare, agrees without a murmur: wooed and won in little more than a creaking couplet. At Stratford Mr. Nicholls managed to be desperately ardent in a trying situation—the kind of situation quite likely, I dare say, in this Vienna governed by so unpredictable a Duke. Incidentally, how could Mariana, in the moated grange, say of the disguised Duke, "Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice Hath often stilled my brawling discontent," when the Duke could have barely grown used to his Friar's habit? But that is a small matter in a play whose splendours far outmatch its absurdities, even if it has next to no right to be called a comedy. Hear "Q":

"Measure For Measure," for all its flaws, is alive, interesting, exciting, in parts powerfully—even terrifically—moving; and the secret of its difference lies in its poetry—in that and in nothing else.

We can well leave it there.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"MEASURE FOR MEASURE" (Stratford upon Avon).—Anthony Quayle, in his last season as a joint Director of the Memorial Theatre, revives one of Shakespeare's problems. Speaking generally, it is little more than an efficient contribution to a moderate season; but, though much of the acting is over-anxious and the atmosphere of this Vienna curiously cold in feeling, two performances—Margaret Johnston's as Isabella and Alan Badel's as Lucio—have uncommon life and truth. (August 14.)

"THE YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL" (Arts).—I will return to this American play next week. (August 15.)





**A FREAK RAILWAY CRASH AT BOURNEMOUTH: A CAR OUTSIDE THE STATION WHICH WAS CRUSHED BY A FALLING GIRDER.**

On August 17 an unusual accident occurred at Bournemouth West Station. Thirteen empty coaches ran down a slight incline and crashed into two more coaches and a goods van in the station. The parcels office and two cars were wrecked; one woman was slightly injured.



**AT CHARLEROI: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE FUNERAL SERVICE FOR SIX OF THE VICTIMS OF THE MINE DISASTER AT MARCINELLE.**



**IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE WEST GERMAN COMMUNIST PARTY WAS DECLARED ILLEGAL: POLICE RAIDING A COMMUNIST H.Q.** On August 17 the West German Communist Party was declared unconstitutional by the Federal Constitutional Court at Karlsruhe; and the party's assets were declared forfeit. Police raids immediately followed this decision.

## FROM ENGLAND, BELGIUM AND GERMANY: A CAMERA MISCELLANY OF NEWS ITEMS.

(Right.)  
**SAVED AFTER BEING ADRIFT AT SEA FOR THIRTY HOURS: VIVIENNE KROHN, AGED NINE, WHO WAS FOUND WITH HER BROTHER MICHAEL, AGED FOURTEEN.**

On August 15 two children, who had been given up for lost by their parents, were spotted by an aircraft in an open boat about 10 miles out to sea. They were Vivienne and Michael Krohn, of Stepney. The children disappeared while their mother was asleep near the beach. It was later found that a rowing-boat was missing, and following this the children were spotted by aircraft and picked up by the Torbay lifeboat after being at sea for thirty hours.



**CONDUCTED BY THE BISHOP OF TOURNAI, MGR. HIMMER: THE FUNERAL OF SIX OF THE MINERS WHO DIED IN THE BELGIAN PIT DISASTER.**

A day of national mourning was observed in Belgium on August 13 when a large crowd attended the funeral service of six of the victims of the disaster in the Bitter Heart coal-mine at Marcinelle. There were no survivors among the 252 miners who were trapped when fire broke out in the mine on August 8. At the time of writing, efforts to recover the bodies of 169 victims are still unavailing.



**AMERICA COMES TO SOUTHEND: THE FAMOUS NEW YORK SKYLINE REPRODUCED IN ONE OF THE SET-PIECES OF THIS YEAR'S ILLUMINATIONS AT SOUTHEND WHICH WERE RECENTLY SWITCHED ON BY THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKET CAPTAIN, IAN JOHNSON.**





## THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

### SACRED AND PROFANE.

By ALAN DENT.

THREE years ago in the course of a tour round the periphery of the United States, which involved my spending four weeks all told in travelling in America's surpassingly comfortable trains, I had a strange and solemn thought which I duly set down in my journal. It was a journal, incidentally, which was only made possible by the unsurpassed smoothness of those trains.

This is what I wrote, exactly as I wrote it there and then, somewhere between Santa Barbara and Los Angeles:—"Life—as many a Victorian must have been thinking just 100 years ago—is a Train Journey to a destination unknown. This day on this journey I had the solemn thought that whereas for those with the religious habit of mind Life is a train journey through a dark tunnel that ends in eternal daylight, for me it is a journey through a lifelong and varied landscape both light and dark. Then my train at last enters its dark tunnel—and stops dead for good! What a thought to have in approaching Hollywood!"

To appreciate a startling new film called "*Le Defroqué*"—written and directed by Léo Joannon—one had better be not only of a religious habit of mind but also a Roman Catholic, and a French Roman Catholic at that. It is obvious, though, even to me that it is a subtle and well-argued film and that the central figure of the unfrocked priest is given a masterly performance by M. Pierre Fresnay. One of our two best film-critics disappoints me, almost for the first time in her career:—"I can say only that as a film it strikes me as morally indefensible and aesthetically repulsive." The other of our two best film-critics says:—"I would not hesitate to call it tremendous." And I find myself for once inclining to Juno and inclining away from Pallas Athene. The former goddess goes on to compare this film with "*Monsieur Vincent*" (which I regret I never saw):—"The two films indubitably match, and we are the richer for possessing both of them. This one is savage and tormented; that one was gentle and comforting. What they have in common is the touch of greatness; the quick, supple and direct communication;

this film. But I did get a great deal of dramatic excitement, and I was unusually disturbed by the film's spiritual conflict. It tells a strange and savage tale of a middle-aged French priest who is unfrocked because of his growing conviction that all priests and ministers are, at their best, well-meaning trespassers or, at their worst, Satanic

#### OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



PIERRE FRESNAY AS MAURICE MORAND IN "*LE DEFROQUE*" (LONDON PREMIERE, AUGUST 3; CURZON CINEMA).

In making his choice this fortnight Mr. Alan Dent writes:—"M. Pierre Fresnay in a strange and rather baffling French film, '*Le Defroqué*'—a film which contrives to be both profoundly religious and, in its chief character's contentions, profoundly anti-religious—gives the most demonic performance seen for many a long day. M. Fresnay, a French actor of great distinction in both comedy and tragedy, has been likened in this film by more than one critic to Marlowe's Faustus fulfilling his pact with the Devil. To me he is still more like a priest possessed with the spleen of Baudelaire, and indeed there is more than a hint of Baudelaire's mask of evil in his looks. Disturbing is a mild word for it."

agents between the soul and its salvation. He defies and alienates his own mother (Marcelle Geniat), his old friend and tutor (Léo Joannon), and a young admirer of his own who is himself studying for the priesthood (Pierre Trabaud). These three characters are drawn and acted with great skill and clarity.

All three try to claim the Satanic hero and fail. He has made a living out of the profits of a book in which he has asserted the puissance of Judas and denied that of Christ. Out of this income he has sent his mother a regular allowance. Just after his mother's death he goes to a drawer to find her rosary and discovers instead all the money he had sent, not a note of which she had thought fit to touch or spend, even though she had been in great want. This is only one of many scenes of high dramatic power. The most dramatic

of all, and the most bizarre, is the ending, in which the heretic kills one of his would-be reclaimers and then carries away the body in his arms in an ecstasy which is in the end holy rather than unholy.

Let me say no more about this film here. Let me only (1) express the hope that I have said and quoted enough to stimulate the interest of every filmgoer of every sort or persuasion, and (2) endeavour to whet that interest by saying that the murder is committed with the unlikely and most awe-inspiring of all conceivable weapons.

The other two films I have seen are æons and light-years removed from "*Le Defroqué*." Both are, in fact, high comedies. One is Charlie Chaplin's "*The Gold Rush*," enjoying its first revival for ten years or so. The other is "*The Iron Petticoat*," in which Bob Hope as an American airman tries to instruct Katharine Hepburn as a Russian airwoman in the Western ways of life. It need hardly be said that they discover love in the process. But it needs must be said that Mr. Hope outwits Miss Hepburn both in his manoeuvres and in his dialogue, since the writer of this has ungallantly arranged it that Mr. Hope almost invariably has the crowning line which he invariably times devastatingly and prodigiously well. Even so, the two have rather to strain their best resources to make Mr. Ben Hecht's script seem genuinely and spontaneously amusing.

On the other hand, "*The Gold Rush*" is full of the very genius of natural and unforced clowning and pathos. It is a pity that Mr. Chaplin has seen fit to superimpose a running commentary which is (1) absolutely unnecessary, and (2) full of a slightly nauseating kind of self-commiseration, especially when, as often, he describes himself as "the little fellow." All that one can do with this is try not to listen to it. It is a pity also that the credit for the music—or, at least, for the "original music"—should go to Mr. Chaplin. All that this actor-genius has supplied is a banal little waltz, twice or three times repeated, whereas almost all the incidental music—the "unoriginal music" they might call it, if they called it anything—comes directly from Johannes Brahms. This is the F major Romanze in the six piano-pieces, Op. 118, and it is repeated in snippets all through the film.

But it is M. Fresnay's face which continues to haunt me long after the grimaces of Mr. Hope and



A FILM IN WHICH "BOB HOPE AS AN AMERICAN AIRMAN TRIES TO INSTRUCT KATHARINE HEPBURN AS A RUSSIAN AIRWOMAN IN THE WESTERN WAYS OF LIFE": "*THE IRON PETTICOAT*" (INDEPENDENT FILM DISTRIBUTORS), SHOWING A SCENE IN WHICH CHUCK (BOB HOPE) DANCES WITH VINKA (KATHARINE HEPBURN). (LONDON PREMIERE, AUGUST 9; PLAZA.)

the sense that religion is a thing that matters; a thing that matters tremendously to all of us, at any time, no matter what our race or creed."

It would be insincere of me to pretend that I got anything like this amount of revelation out of



ENJOYING ITS FIRST REVIVAL FOR TEN YEARS OR SO: CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S GREAT COMEDY "*THE GOLD RUSH*" (UNITED ARTISTS), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH THE LONE PROSPECTOR (CHARLES CHAPLIN) RETURNS TO THE UNITED STATES WITH BIG JIM (MACK SWAIN), WHO WILES AWAY THE TIME BY HAVING A MANICURE. (LONDON PAVILION.)

Miss Hepburn, and even more than the sorrowful mask and sudden smile of Charlie, seen anew and remembered well from the old days. For if M. Fresnay in "*Le Defroqué*" is not a great film-actor in the school of Emil Jannings, then I am no kind of a connoisseur of fine acting of any sort or in any medium.



# TRAIN PURSUED BY TRAIN: A GREAT HISTORICAL CHASE FILMED.



TAKING A LEADING PART IN "THE GREAT LOCOMOTIVE CHASE": THE *WILLIAM MASON*, A VETERAN LOCOMOTIVE OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR, WHICH REPRESENTS THE ORIGINAL *GENERAL*.



"PLAYING OPPOSITE" THE *WILLIAM MASON*: THE *INYO*, WHICH APPEARS AS THE *TEXAS*, IN WHICH THE CONFEDERATES GIVE CHASE TO THE RAIDERS FROM THE NORTH. THE *INYO* WAS BUILT IN 1875.



AFTER HIS TRAIN, DRAWN BY THE *GENERAL*, HAS BEEN COMMANDEERED BY THE GUERRILLAS FROM THE NORTH, THE CONDUCTOR, FULLER, PLAYED BY JEFFREY HUNTER, IMMEDIATELY GIVES PURSUIT—AT FIRST ON A REPAIR TROLLEY.



LEAVING THE REPAIR TROLLEY, THE SOUTHERNERS CONTINUE THE PURSUIT IN THE ANTIQUATED *YONAH*. THE PURSUERS DO NOT YET REALISE THAT THE *GENERAL* HAS BEEN TAKEN BY THE BAND OF NORTHERNERS, LED BY ANDREWS (FESS PARKER).



A SURPRISE FOR THE PURSUERS: AFTER BEING DELAYED BY A BURNING WAGON, LEFT BY THE NORTHERNERS, THEY UNEXPECTEDLY SIGHT THEIR QUARRY AGAIN.



A SURPRISE FOR THE PURSUED, WHO THINK THE CHASE FOILED BY THE BURNING WAGON, BUT SEE THE *TEXAS* STILL CHASING THEM.



THE END OF THE CHASE: THE *GENERAL* HAS RUN OUT OF FUEL AND THE COURAGEOUS NORTHERNERS ARE NOW PURSUED BY CONFEDERATE CAVALRY.

"The Great Locomotive Chase" (CinemaScope; Technicolor), Walt Disney's latest film, is based on an exciting episode which took place during the American Civil War. In April 1862, James J. Andrews, a secret service agent of the North, played in the film by Fess Parker, set out with a small band of guerrillas to destroy an all-important Southern railroad which was carrying vital Confederate supplies. The prompt and determined action of

a Southern railroad conductor, William A. Fuller, played by Jeffrey Hunter, led to one of the most exciting railway chases in history. Following the incident the first-ever awards of the Congressional medal of Honour—the American equivalent of the V.C.—were made. The film received its premiere at Studio One, Oxford Street, on August 16 and this was given in aid of the Liverpool Rodney Youth Centre.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

WHEREAS a great many so-called picaresque novels turn out not to be picaresque at all, but merely peregrinatory, "Born Guilty," by Manuel Rojas (Gollancz; 15s.), is undoubtedly picaresque, but not so much of a novel. It comes from Latin America, and is obviously full-fed with personal experience; and we learn without surprise that the author is also a poet, essayist and short-story teller. As for its course, Aniceto Hevia, the narrator, gives us fair warning in the first paragraph. "How and why," he asks, "did I get here? . . . It is a long story and, to make matters worse, an involved one. The fault lies with me: I have never been able to make the train of my thoughts run like a yardstick. . . . Nor is my memory any better. It keeps skipping from one fact to another. . . ."

And so we find. To start with, Aniceto is on the beach at Valparaiso. He had been going to ship out, but had no "certificates" or hope of certificates. Then he was caught up in a street riot, and charged with looting a jeweller's shop he never heard of. And after getting pneumonia in gaol, he has been discharged penniless, with an injured lung. So much for the jumping-off point. At the end he is still in the same place, and only a little, though very significantly, better off. But meanwhile we have threaded all sorts of semi-explanations and divagations. He has no certificates, because his father was a very respectable and domesticated, though nomadic burglar. *El Gallego's* boys were brought up in a good home, and—apart from all the moving around—just like other children. Then the mother suddenly died, the father got an enormous stretch, and they were scattered. Aniceto blew away into the underworld. But he is not a criminal; though the boys adored their father, none of them had the least wish to be criminals. It was just that the flophouse and the gaol, the world of thieves, cops, tramps and rebels was the one open to him. Now he dips into it, fishing up characters and events, segments of his own life and other people's, segments of his own mind and other people's—really a patchwork of essays and short stories, always enthralling, and with a large aura of humanity and fantasy. And in a baffling way, everything proves to fit in somewhere. Everything but a work-scene in the high Andes, which crops up out of the blue and might even be a binder's error. But a very impressive one.

## OTHER FICTION.

"Sunk Island," by Hubert Nicholson (Heinemann; 13s. 6d.), has one thing in common with "Born Guilty": it is a poet's work. Then they diverge totally. This one is mere English, an undiluted novel—and a regional novel. The scene is the Humber estuary. Roger Wellincroft, eldest grandson of the jolly, multitudinous Beckbank family, has been directed to court Louisa Kilner, of Stackhouse Farm, in Sunk Island. And why not—since he is bound to get married, and prefers Louisa to any other girl?

But she has a younger sister, Ida. A dark, thin girl. . . . Roger has hardly noticed her till their meeting at the Dutch barn. Then there is no escape. They struggle—but they are fighting the whole terror and ecstasy of life. And Ida is fey. Burningly alive, mortally ill, she maroons the vigorous, easy-natured young farmer on her Sunk Island of feeling, which is indeed an unearthly place. . . . Perhaps the outline sounds novelettish. But so would Hardy; and Hardy actually was novelettish. This story has not his genius, but it is good all through—not only poignant but rational, well-tempered, and with a sterling, rather humorous background of the prosaic.

"No Great Magic," by Lalage Pulvertaft (Secker and Warburg; 12s. 6d.), engagingly features a megalithic circle on the "almost-island of Knockonan," a party of English "interlopers" digging it up, and the Irish family at the Big House. The dig culminates in a unique, and—from the Professor's angle—perverse find. The Anglo-Irish contacts end by converting the small, hostile Shamus to archaeology. And there is a lot of love-interest. These romantic-sophisticated heart-searchings and philanderings may be called the story, but they are also its weakest point. Whereas the scene, the animals, the children, the incidental chat are wholly charming—full of awareness and love of life. And as this is a first novel, one may expect anything.

"Cat," by Val Gielgud (Collins; 10s. 6d.), is a "Crime Club Choice," therefore presumably a crime novel; otherwise I should have been in two minds. Structurally, it consists of a prologue and one long flashback. From the prologue we learn that Charles Trent ended by breaking a woman's neck and pleading guilty; while the flashback is simply a straight account of his life and environment as a child, a schoolboy, an undergraduate, a journalist, an actor and a P.O.W. These *milieux* appear to be included for their own sake, and that of the "types" they throw up. Charles is an agreeable, well-bred, only moderately detached or "catlike" young man; as for his "honourable murder," frankly I don't believe he killed anyone. But it is all highly readable.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

IN May 1952 I observed, of a game I had given here: "This has a good claim to be regarded as the most remarkable game of chess ever played." It was the game between Edward Lasker and Sir George Thomas in which Lasker drew his opponent's king right across the board, finally mating it on his own back rank.

The game will certainly bear repetition: Lasker was White:

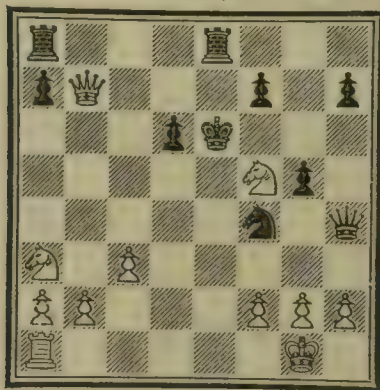
1. P-Q4, P-K3; 2. Kt-KB3, P-KB4; 3. Kt-B3, Kt-KB3; 4. B-Kt5, B-K2; 5. BxKt, BxB; 6. P-K4, PxP; 7. Kt x P, P-QKt3; 8. Kt-K5, Castles? 9. B-Q3, B-Kt2; 10. Q-R5, Q-K2; 11. Q x Pch! K x Q; 12. Kt x B double ch, K-R3; 13. Kt(K5)-Kt4ch, K-Kt4; 14. P-KR4ch, K-B5; 15. P-KKt3ch, K-B6; 16. B-K2ch, K-Kt7; 17. R-R2ch, K-Kt8; 18. Castles, mate.

It has been done again. Though certain features are missing which must be considered as unlikely ever to be seen again as Jim Laker's nineteen wickets in a Test—for instance the queen sacrifice and the delicious concluding move "Castles, mate"—the new game has entire originality and some piquant features.

Played in Helsinki a few months ago; a Two Knights' Defence:

TIMPERI	SOININEN	TIMPERI	SOININEN
1. P-K4	P-K4	12. Q-B3	Kt(K3)-B5
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	13. P-Q4	B-Q3
3. B-B4	Kt-B3	14. PxP	KR-K1
4. Kt-Kt5	P-Q4	15. B x Kt	Kt x B
5. PxP	Kt-Q5	16. Castles	B x P
6. P-QB3	P-Kt4	17. R-Q1ch	B-Q3
7. B-B1!	Kt x P	18. Kt-R3	P-Kt4
8. Kt-K4	Q-R5	19. R x Bch!	P x R
9. Kt-Kt3	Kt-K3	20. Q-Kt7ch	K-K3
10. B x Pch	B-Q2	21. Kt-B5!	
11. B x Bch	K x B		

(Black)



(White)

You can scent it coming. There was keen post-mortem sentiment that Black should now have prefaced the capture of the knight by 21. . . . Kt-K7ch but after 22. K-R1, K x Kt White can win by 23. Q x BPch, K-K4 (or K5); 24. R-Q1.

21. . . . . K x Kt 25. Kt-B4ch K x R  
22. Q x BPch K-K5 He's there!  
23. R-K1ch K-Q6 26. Q-Kt1ch K-K7  
24. Q-B5ch K-Q7 27. Q-KB1 mate.

Rome. But with his magic touch he makes London a place of cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces, where smog and dust have no place, where all is defined with the clarity which one would normally expect from his own Swiss mountain air. As photographed by Mr. Hürlimann, Billingsgate Fish Market becomes a thing of beauty: a London pub a place of enchantment. I am not sure that, beautiful as his photographs are, they give a wholly accurate picture of London. Certainly some of his compatriots will be disappointed at the contrast between London in a drizzle and the crystal-clear sunlit London of Mr. Hürlimann's pages. From these beautiful photographs one gets no impression of, shall we say, the Canaletto-coloured London of early autumn or of the dome of St. Paul's swimming above the mist of a sunlit September morning. Still it is ungrateful to cavil at Mr. Hürlimann's pictures because they are too attractive.

A book of great beauty and rare distinction.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## EUROPE AND "EUROPA MINOR"; LONDON PHOTOGRAPHED.

LORD KINROSS (Patrick Balfour), the author of "Europa Minor" (Murray; 18s.), is a writer whose skilful pen makes travelling with him in the pages of his books a delight. "Europa Minor" is the name he gives to coastal Turkey and is the companion volume to his earlier "Within the Taurus" which established his reputation as a writer on the Middle East in the great tradition of Curzon's "Monasteries of the Levant." Lord Kinross is, I know from personal experience, a splendid travelling companion and his erudition, seasoned by his excellent wit, informs this new book. He has a quick eye for the absurd and a swift appreciation of the out of the way. Two quotations, selected at random, will give an idea of his style.

Here is Lord Kinross describing a Greek whom he met in the enchanting seaside town of Mersin, where this reviewer spent a few days recuperating in 1943 from a most disagreeable experience in an aircraft with one of its two engines on fire. "Like so, many of his race he was a man of gusto, who saw life as a game. He found uproarious drama in the tedious incidents of commercial dealing, and recounted, at the expense of the Turks, a rich comic odyssey of everyday experiences. Exposed to his ruthless talent for pantomime, they became, with their haphazard business methods and bureaucratic ways, sad figures of fun. After a thousand years of so wounding an attitude, it was perhaps understandable that they finally drove the Greeks into the sea." Or, describing an Armenian black-marketeer he met in Antioch, he writes: "Classical coins still abound in the bazaars of Antakya. My host advised me to beware of forgeries and introduced me to a 'reliable' dealer, a Christian. From him I bought a Roman coin, which I later discovered to be false." A wholly delightful book which should encourage the traveller who is not afraid of going a little far afield to visit the pleasant and historic places which Lord Kinross so pleasingly describes.

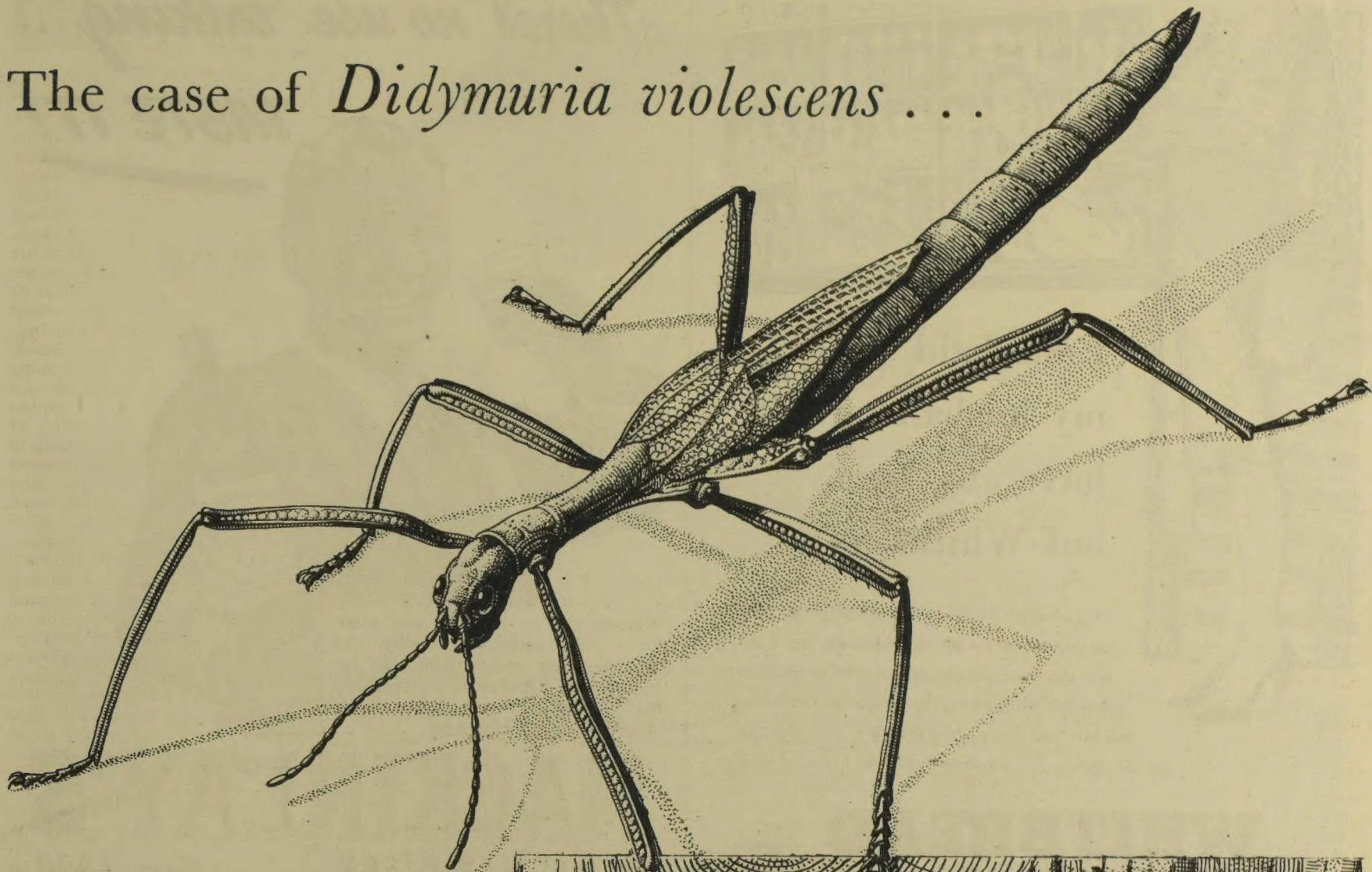
I remember the late Lord Baldwin saying once, when we were discussing the ideal time and circumstances in which to have been born, "for sheer hoggish comfort, I would like to have been a wealthy Roman Senator in Southern Gaul about the year 250." On the other hand, I think that a similar wealthy Roman would have enjoyed the Roman peace just as happily and comfortably in Spain—although, as Mr. F. J. Wiseman points out in "Roman Spain" (Bell; 18s. 6d.), Gaul, with a few large and decisively defeated tribes, was swiftly conquered while Spain, of the many small groups, took some 300 years to subjugate. Nowhere in the Roman world was the *Pax Romana* so effectively established. Nor can any country, including Italy, boast of so fine a collection of Roman monuments and other memorials of Roman antiquity. Mr. Wiseman has little of the lightness of touch of Lord Kinross, but in his workmanlike way he provides an excellent history of the 600 years of Roman occupation and should provide new ideas for routes for the historically-minded motorist who may be contemplating a visit to that pleasant land. Not the least interesting part of the book is the analysis and its description of the many Spanish Romans who conferred distinction on Imperial Rome and of their contribution to its art and letters.

Switzerland has been described almost *ad nauseam*, but Mr. Garry Hogg in "Swiss Spring" (Museum Press; 17s. 6d.), breaks new ground with that period when all but the glacier-skiers have disappeared and the summer tourists, in their coach loads, are yet happily invisible. I agree with Mr. Hogg. It is a delightful time of the year to visit Switzerland, when the Alpine meadows are carpeted with flowers as the snow retreats, and when, above all, between-season prices obtain! This agreeable book is eminently practical in its approach and will be welcomed by the currency-hungry Briton who wishes to visit the out-of-the-way parts of Switzerland, where prices are not exorbitant.

The camera is supposed not to be able to lie, but when wielded by Mr. Hürlimann, the great Swiss photographer, it becomes not so much a crude recorder of things seen, but a magician's wand which lends enchantment to every scene. In his "London" (Thames and Hudson; 25s.), Mr. Hürlimann, as he confesses, found the subject infinitely more difficult than that of Paris or



# The case of *Didymuria violescens* . . .



For the past few years the valuable hardwood forests of New South Wales have been under an increasing threat of insect plague — a plague which, if uncontrolled, will eventually destroy vast areas of precious timber.

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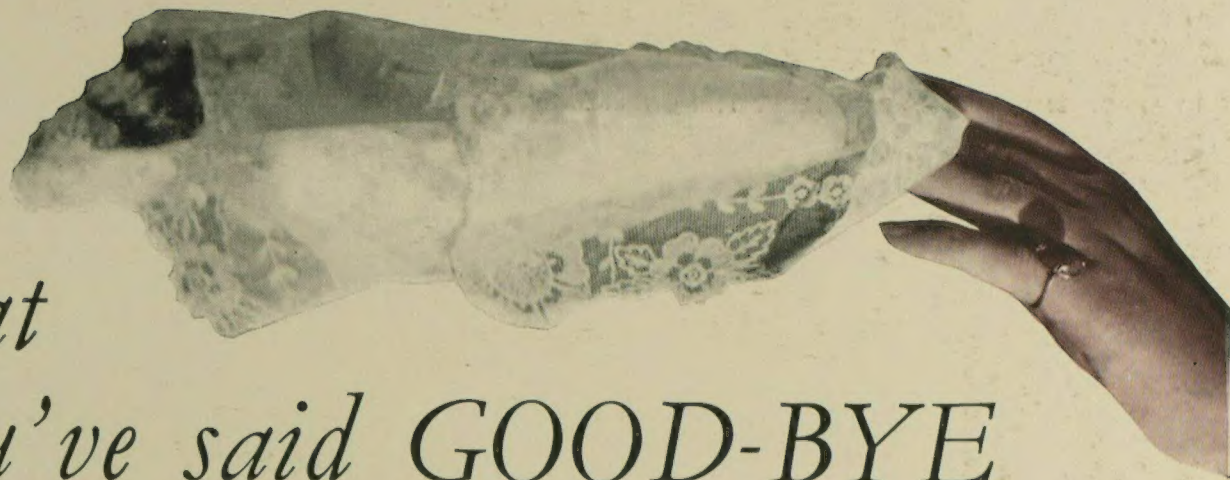
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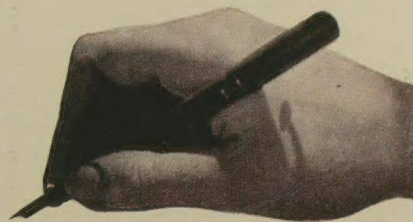


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